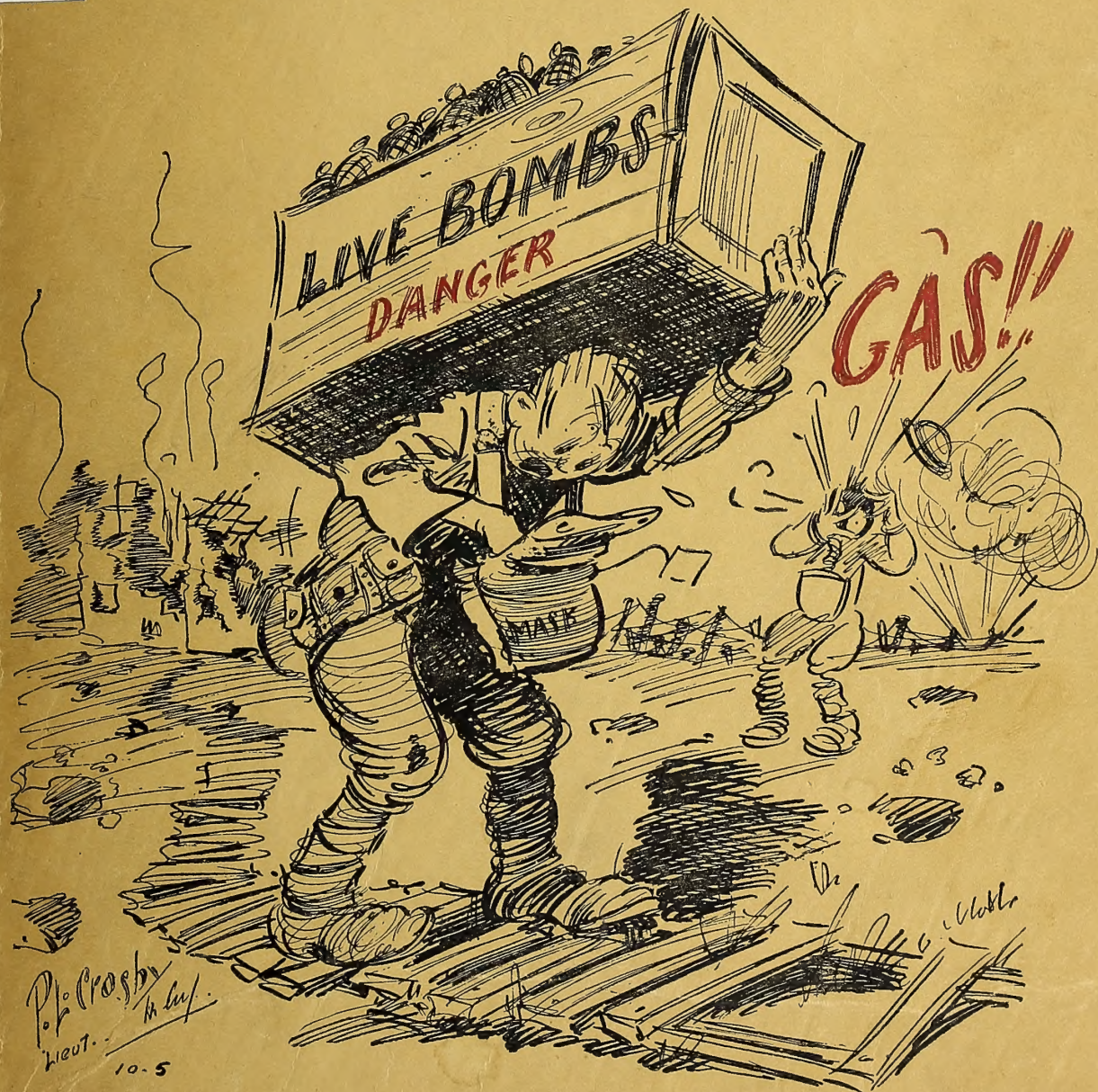
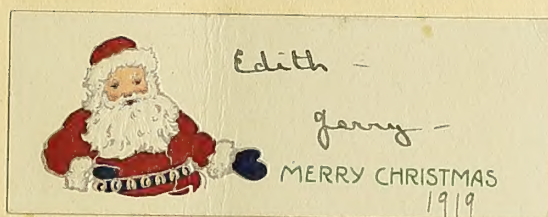


Between Shots

By Capt. P. L. Crosby
With the 77th Division in France

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1919
NPG





Jerry Hill - Warrant Officer of U.S.S. Brutus
Died Jan. 1920 at Mare Island -
victim of Spanish Flu.

BETWEEN SHOTS

SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE

"GOING OVER"



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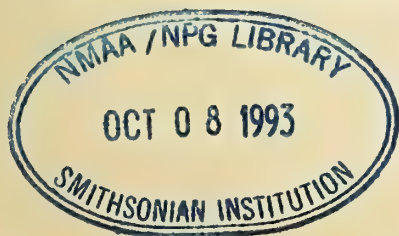
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1919
NPG

Between Shots

by
Capt. P. L. Crosby
with the 77th Division
in France



Harper & Brothers Publishers
New York and London



BETWEEN SHOTS

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Published May, 1919

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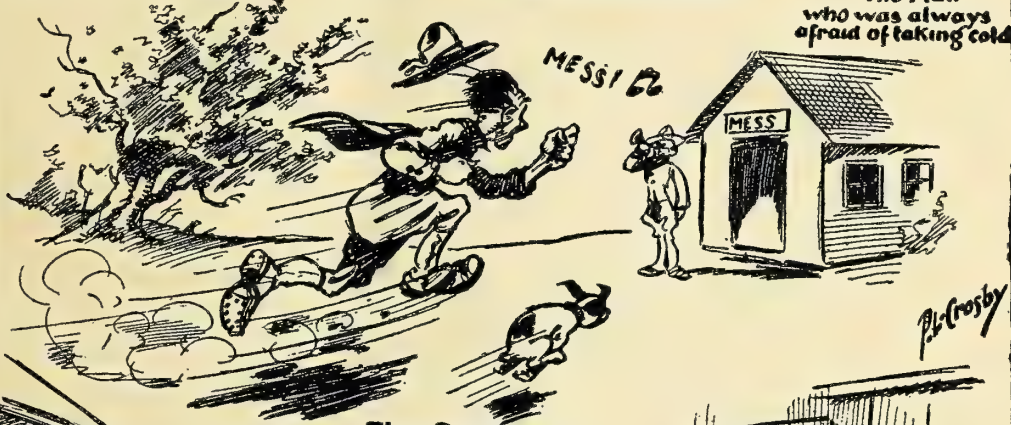
The Man who never would carry a bundle



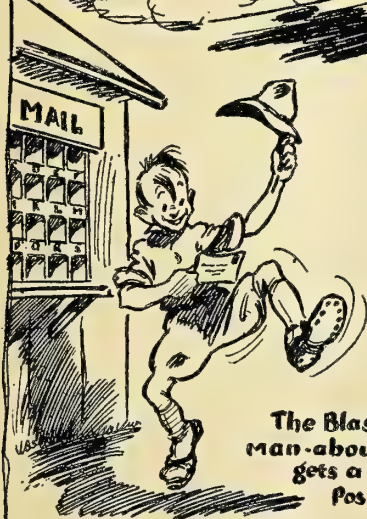
The Exhibition Dancer



The Man who was always afraid of taking cold



The Dyspeptic



The Blase' man-about-Town gets a penny Post Card...



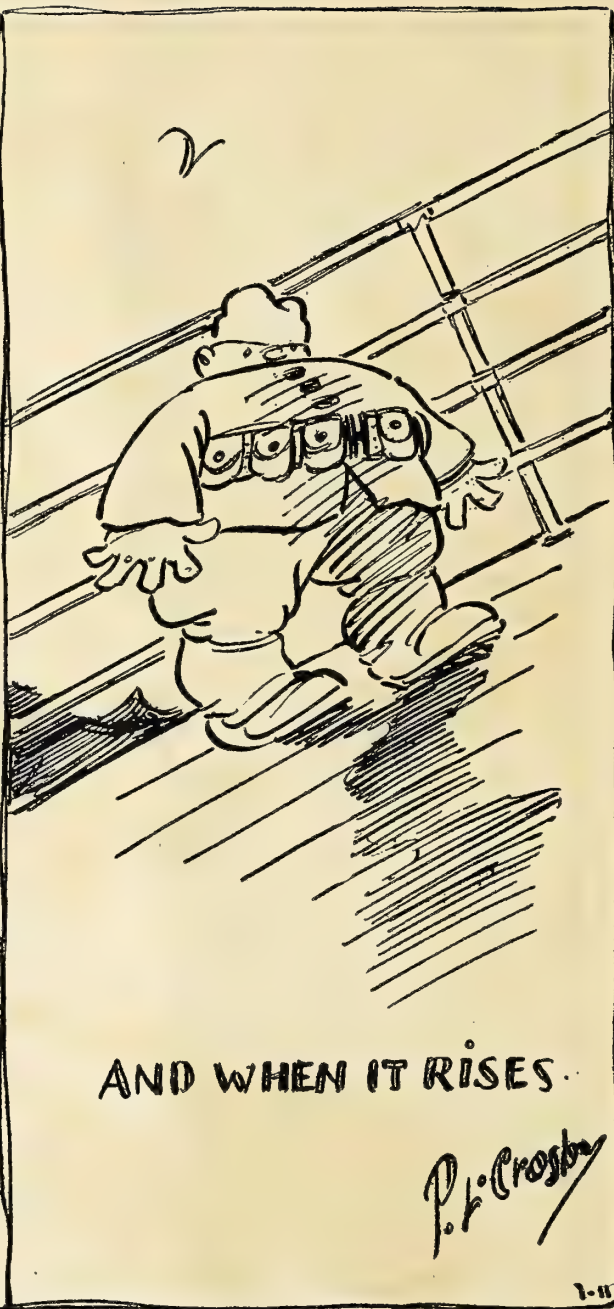
The Man who always had Insomnia

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THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW



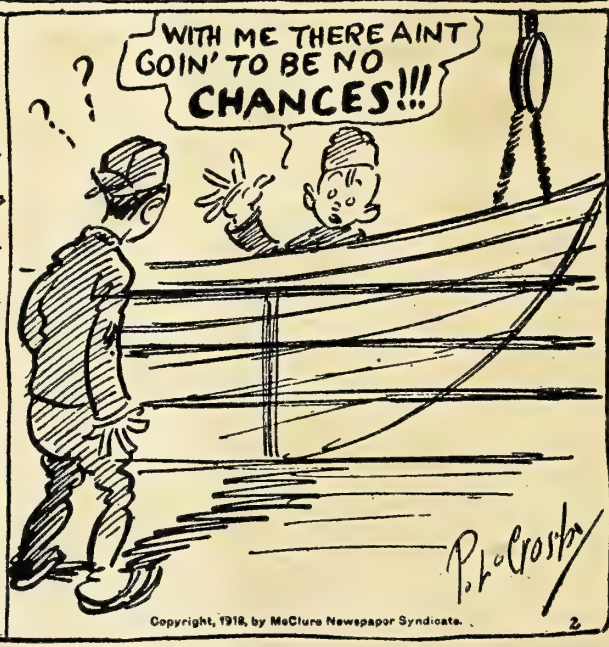
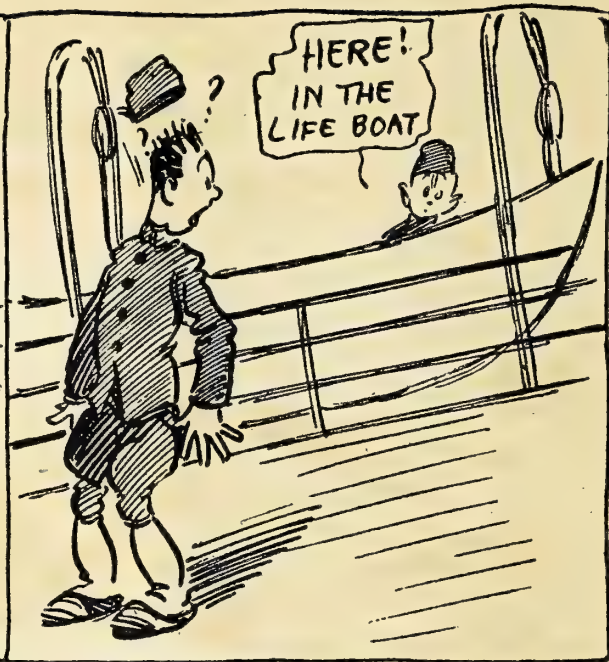
THAT FEELING WHEN THE
BOAT DIPS —



AND WHEN IT RISES

P. K. Crosby





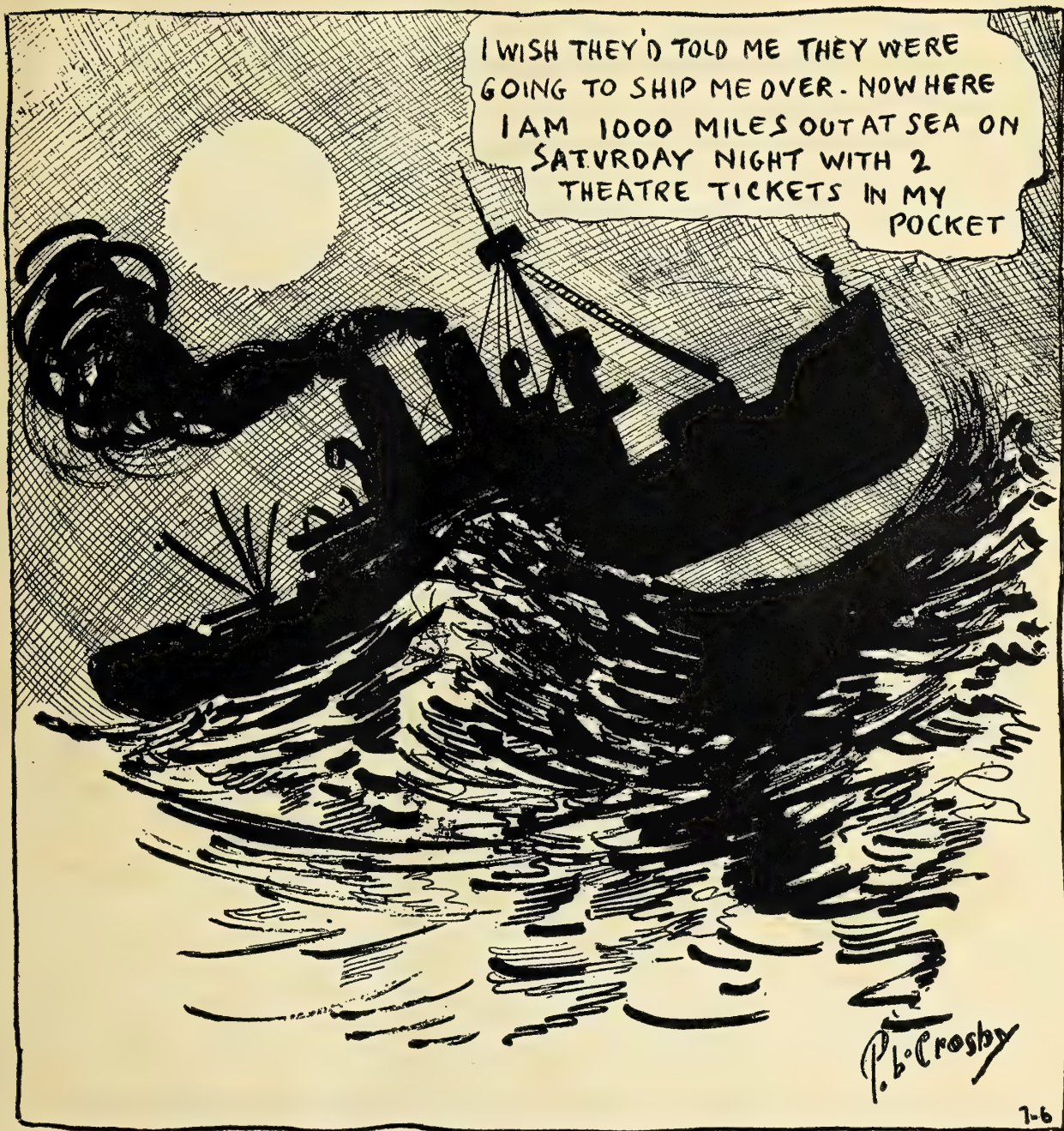
GOOD HEAVENS!!!
I MUST HAVE BEEN
AN AWFULLY SICK MAN



THE CAPTAIN WAS SUCH A BEAR FOR PROMPTNESS THAT
WHEN LIFE BOAT CALL SOUNDED EVERY MAN DROPPED
EVERYTHING AND REPORTED.

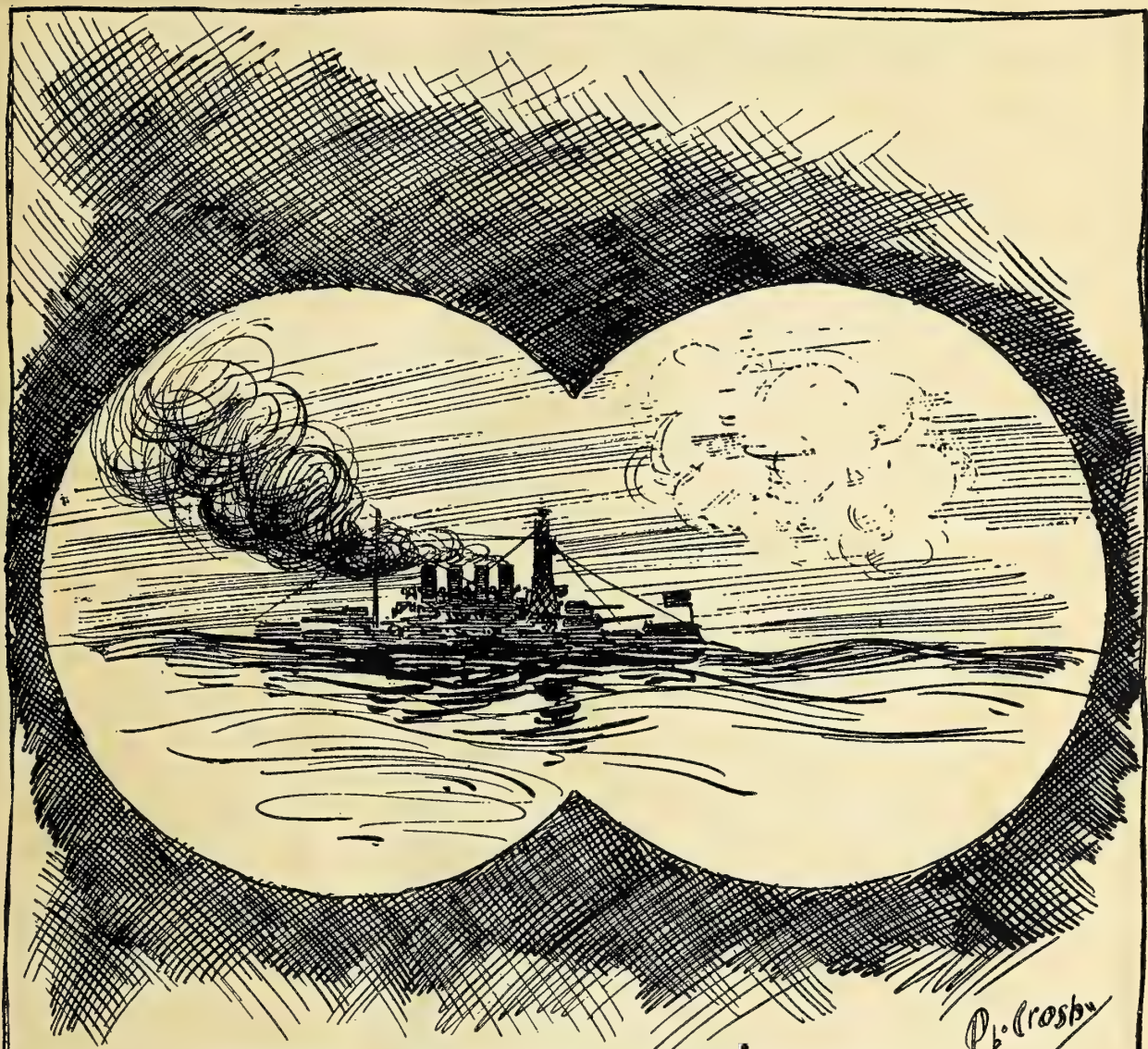


I WISH THEY'D TOLD ME THEY WERE
GOING TO SHIP ME OVER. NOWHERE
I AM 1000 MILES OUT AT SEA ON
SATURDAY NIGHT WITH 2
THEATRE TICKETS IN MY
POCKET



IT WAS JUST LIKE 2ND LIEUT. CRIMP TO ORDER
A GAS MASK DRILL
IN THE MIDST OF A
TROUBLED SEA





SUPREME JOYS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE.

DISCOVERING A BATTLESHIP 1000 MILES OUT IN THE OCEAN
FLYING OUR DEAR OLD FLAG

P. Crosby



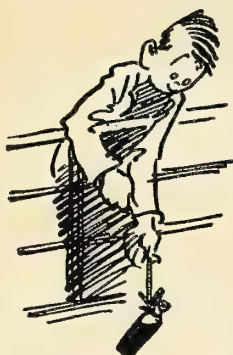
PVT. SPUTTER WHO CLAIMED THAT HE WAS IMMUNE FROM SEA SICKNESS. THE EXTENT OF HIS VOYAGES WERE CONFINED TO CONEY ISLAND AND HUDSON RIVER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.



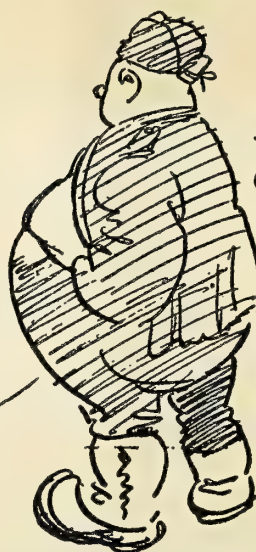
PVT. CLANCY FINDS THAT THE ROLLING SEA BRINGS BACK QUAIN MEMORIES OF HIS SAT. NIGHT STROLLS



PVT. COYOTE ENDEAVORING TO DESCRIBE THE WONDERS OF THE ROLLING SEA TO HIS GIRL IN ARIZONA WHO HAS A VAGUE CONCEPTION OF HAVING VISITED A RESEVOIR WHEN SHE WAS QUITE SMALL.



PVT. CURIO TAKES A BOTTLE FULL OF THE SEA IN THE DANGER ZONE HE FEELS THAT SOME DAY HIS GRAND CHILDREN WILL LOOK BACK WITH PRIDE ON WHAT HE WENT THROUGH FOR THEM.



PVT. FATT FEELS THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN AREAS OVER HIS ANATOMY WHICH WOULD PERMIT SOFT WOUNDS — THEN HE COULD FLASH THOSE GORGEOUS WOUND STRIPES.

P. P. Crosby

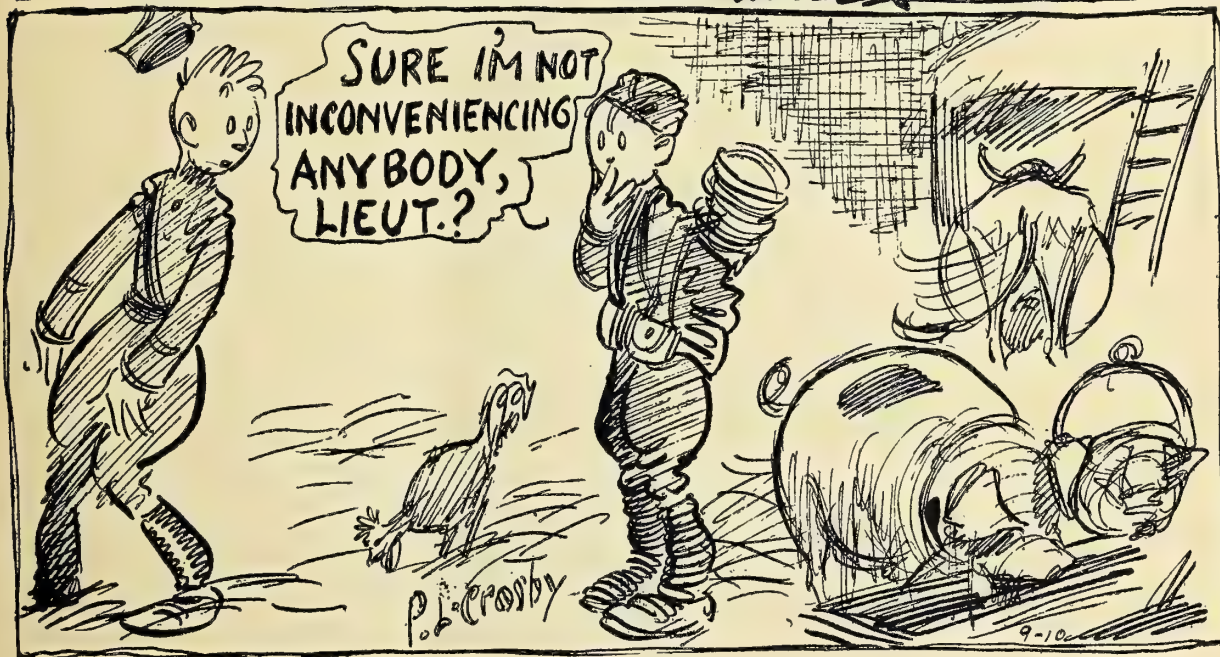
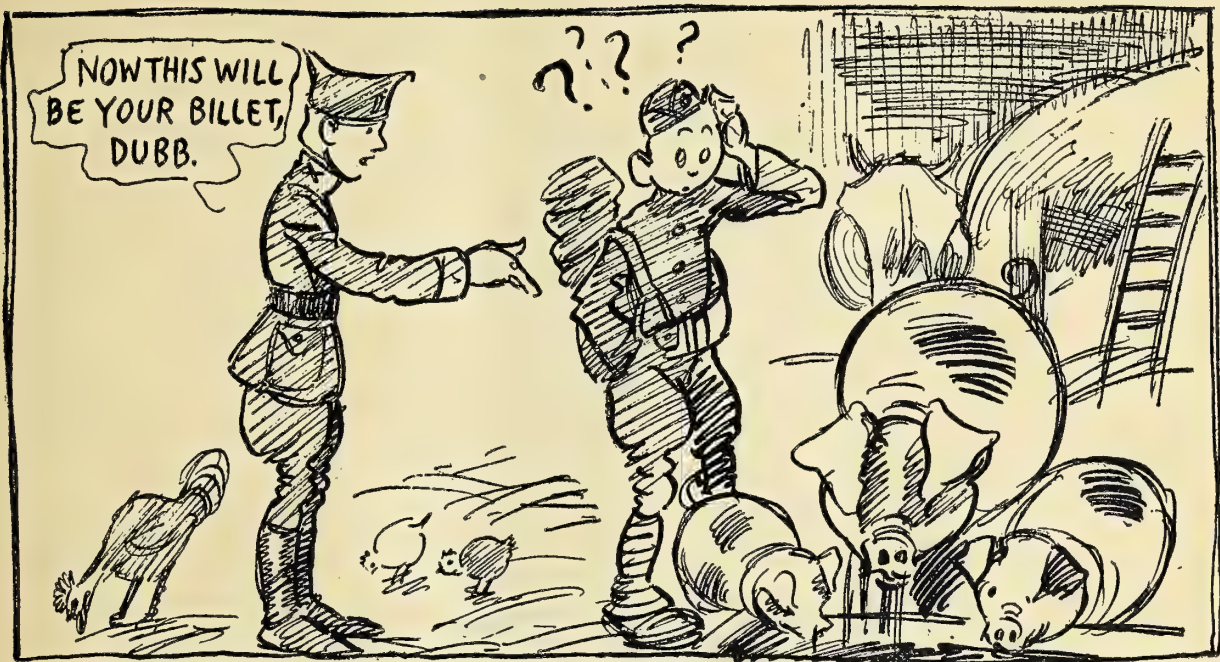


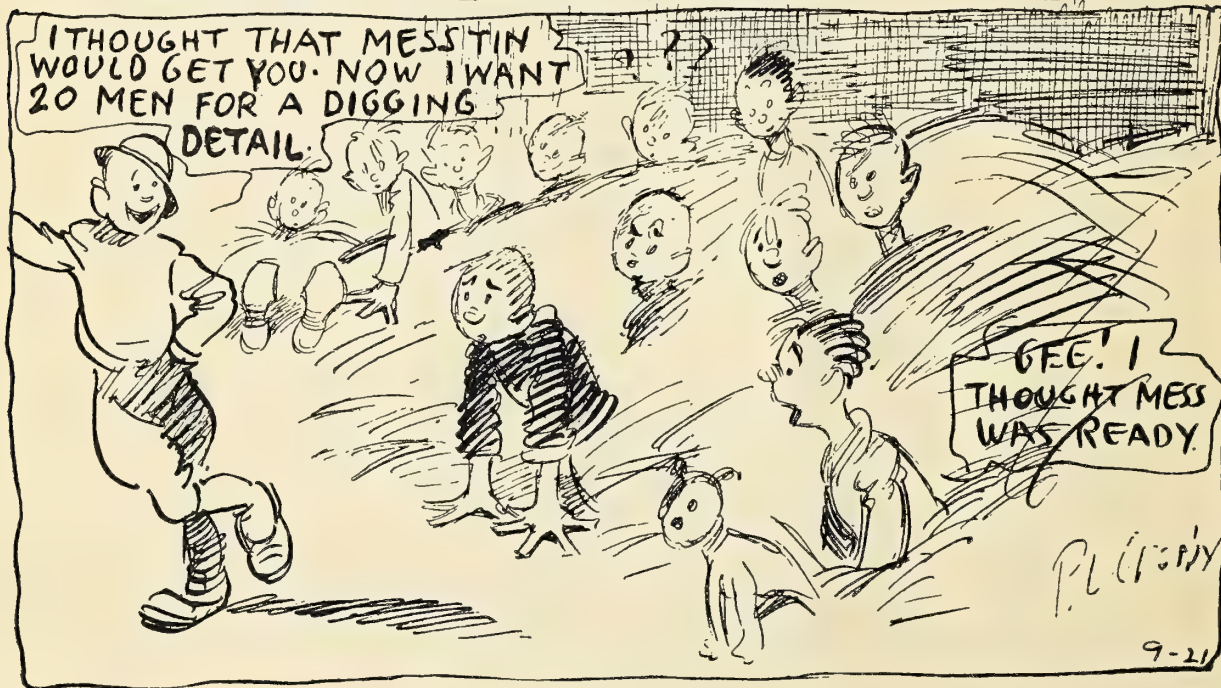
P. L. Crosby

THE 13TH SQUAD PASSING THROUGH THE DANGER
ZONE ON A DARK NIGHT



SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE
AFTER RIDING IN A FREIGHT CAR FOR 2 DAYS YOU ARE SERVED WITH
HOT COFFEE BY THE 1ST AMERICAN GIRL YOU HAVE SEEN IN FRANCE.
HAPPY? - OH! BOY!!!





SOME OTHER
FELLOW'S MOTHER.



P. Crosby

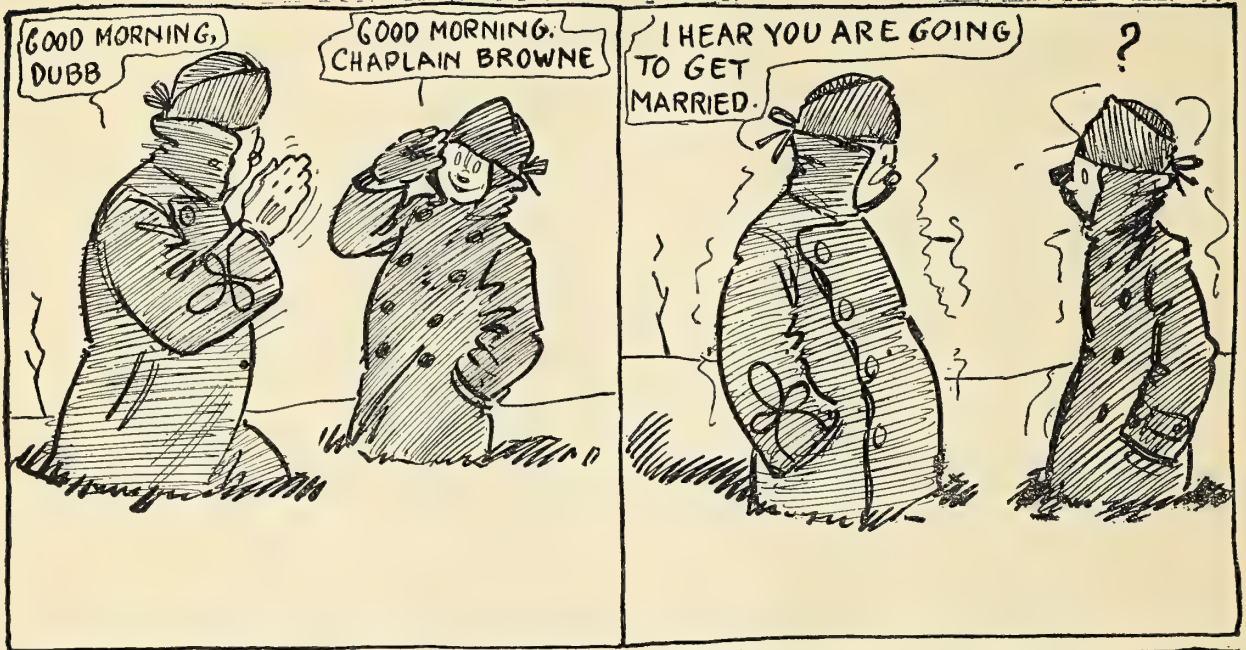
CORPORAL, WILL YOU SEE THAT THEY PUT LOTS OF BUTTER ON IT?

P. O. Prosser

12-27

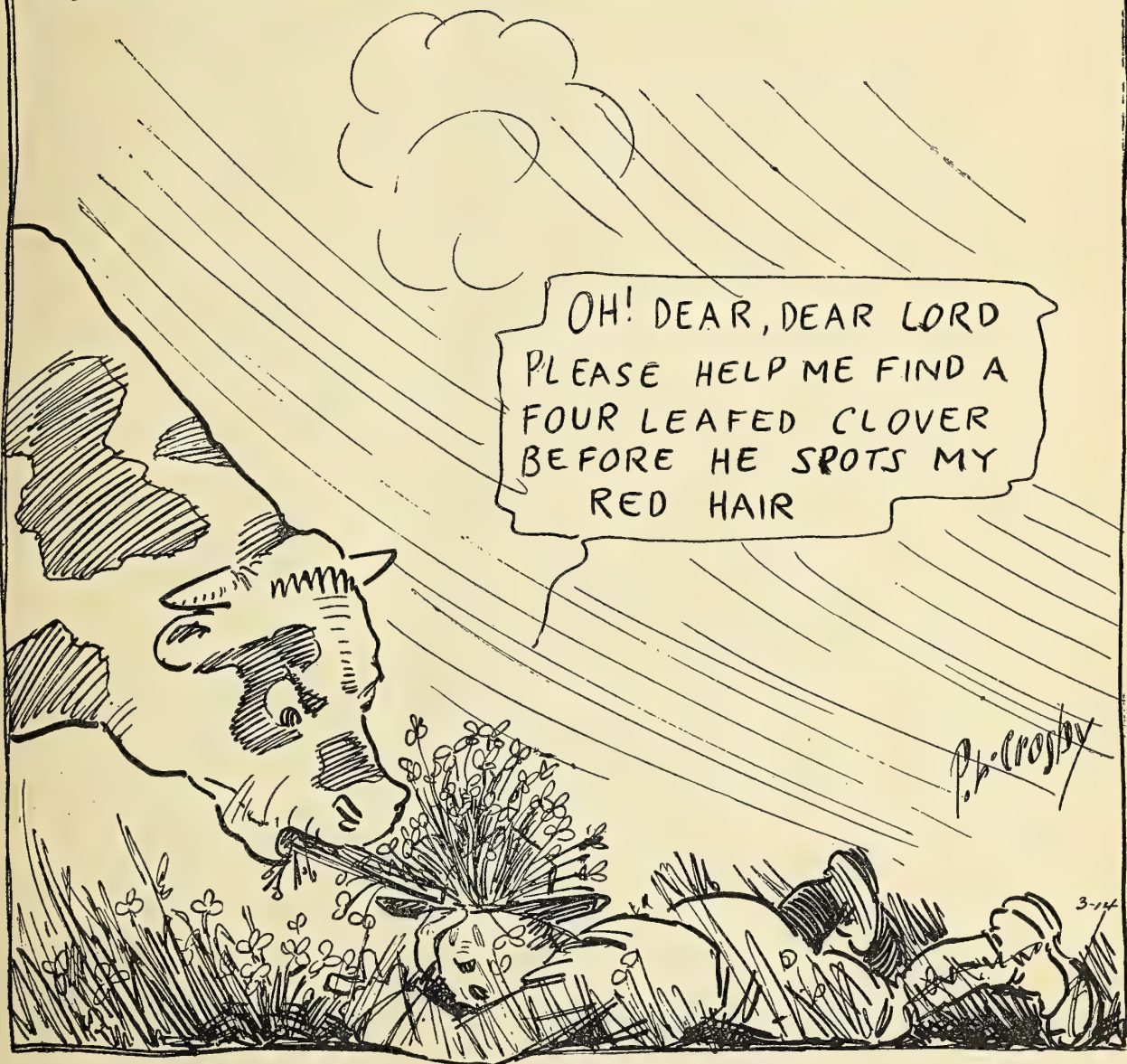
12-27





HEAVILY CAMOUFLAGED AS A CLOVER PATCH-
DUBB SETS OUT ON A PERILOUS MISSION.

OH! DEAR, DEAR LORD
PLEASE HELP ME FIND A
FOUR LEAFED CLOVER
BEFORE HE SPOTS MY
RED HAIR



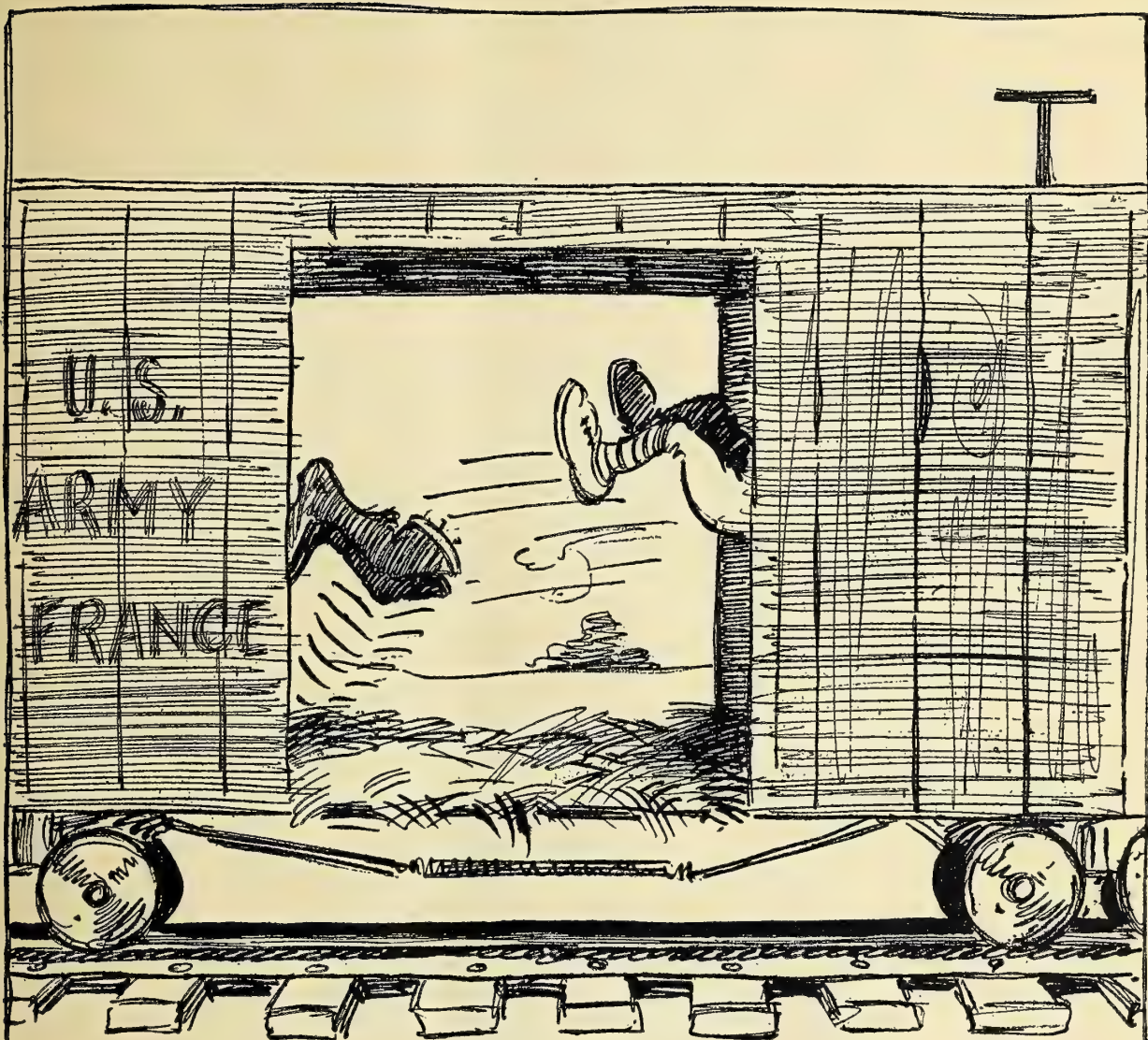
W. P. Crosby

I WISH I WERE
DOING THIS FOR
GERTIE

TWEET!

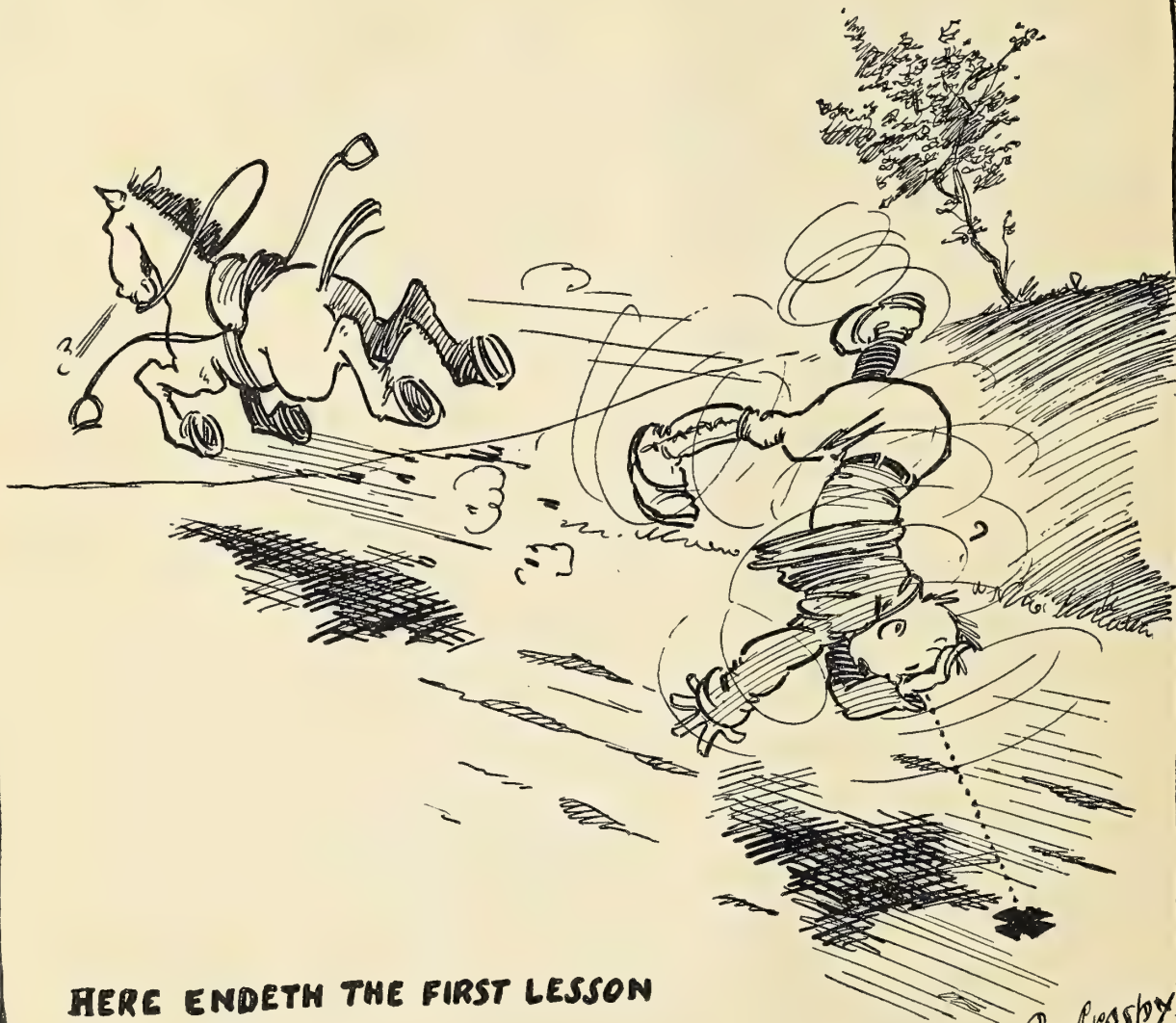
PROPERTY OF D. CO.

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY
TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE



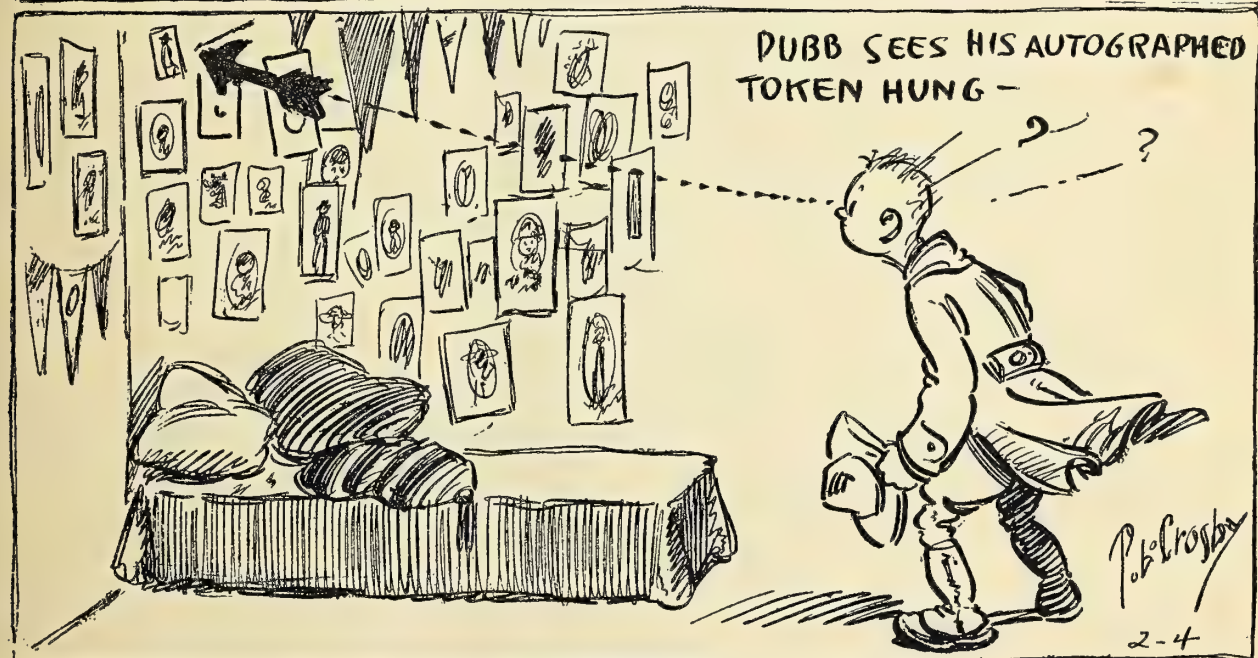
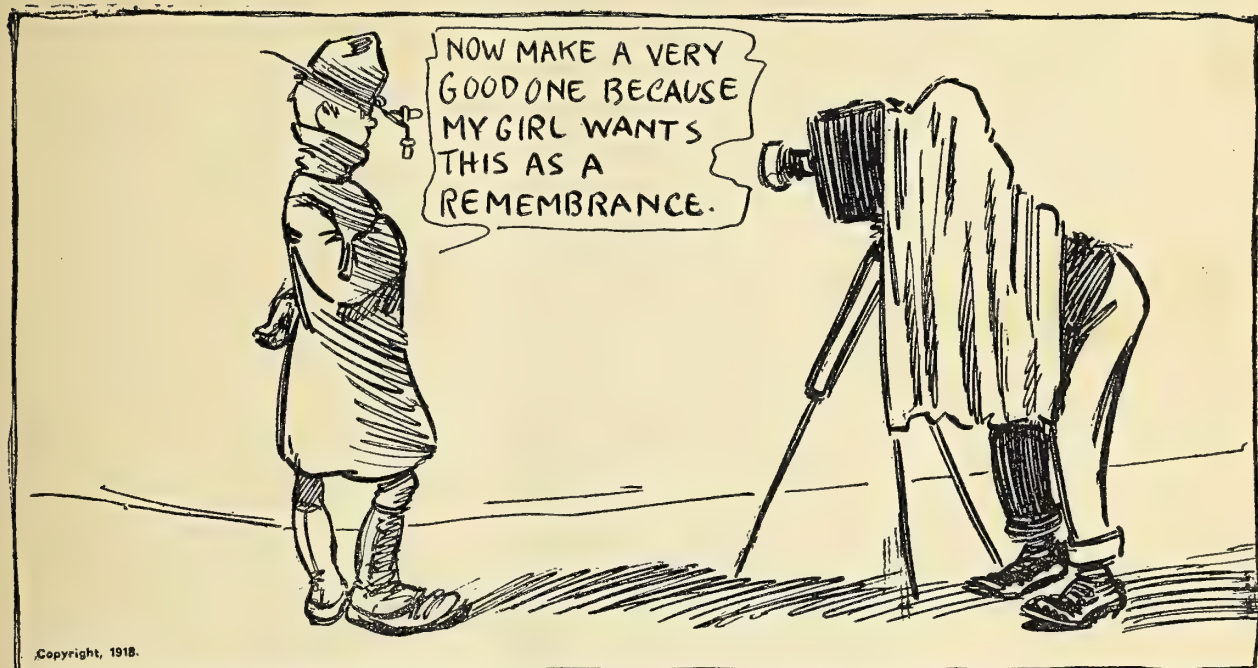
PICTURES PATHE'S WEEKLY NEVER GOT
ON A TROOP TRAIN IN FRANCE : SOOTHING THE TROUBLED
SPIRITS OF THE MULES.

P.L. Crosby
10-13



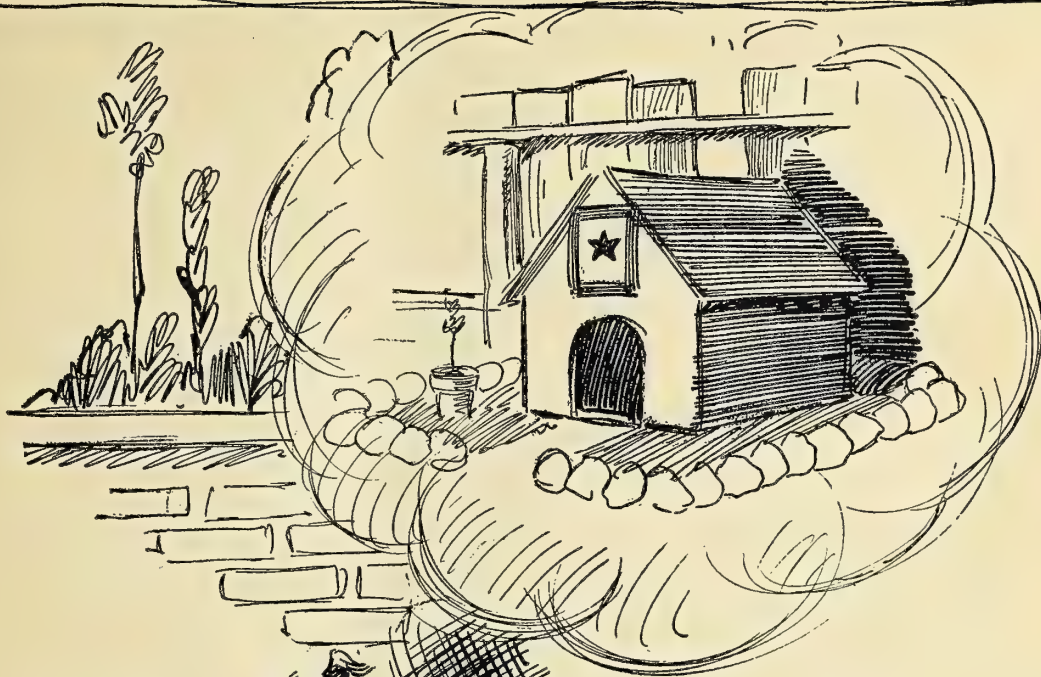
HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON

P. Crosby



I'LL HAVE NO
MORE OF THIS
SNICKERING!!!

P. B. Crosby



66
BE IT EVER SO
HUMBLE - THERE'S
NO PLACE LIKE
HOME "

P. Crosby

PVT. DUBB SUDDENLY RECOGNIZES HIS
GIRL AFTER FINISHING A GAS DRILL



P. Crosby

2-19

FRESH FROM THE GUTTER - DUBB'S MASCOT PAYS HIM A
VISIT JUST BEFORE SATURDAY INSPECTION!



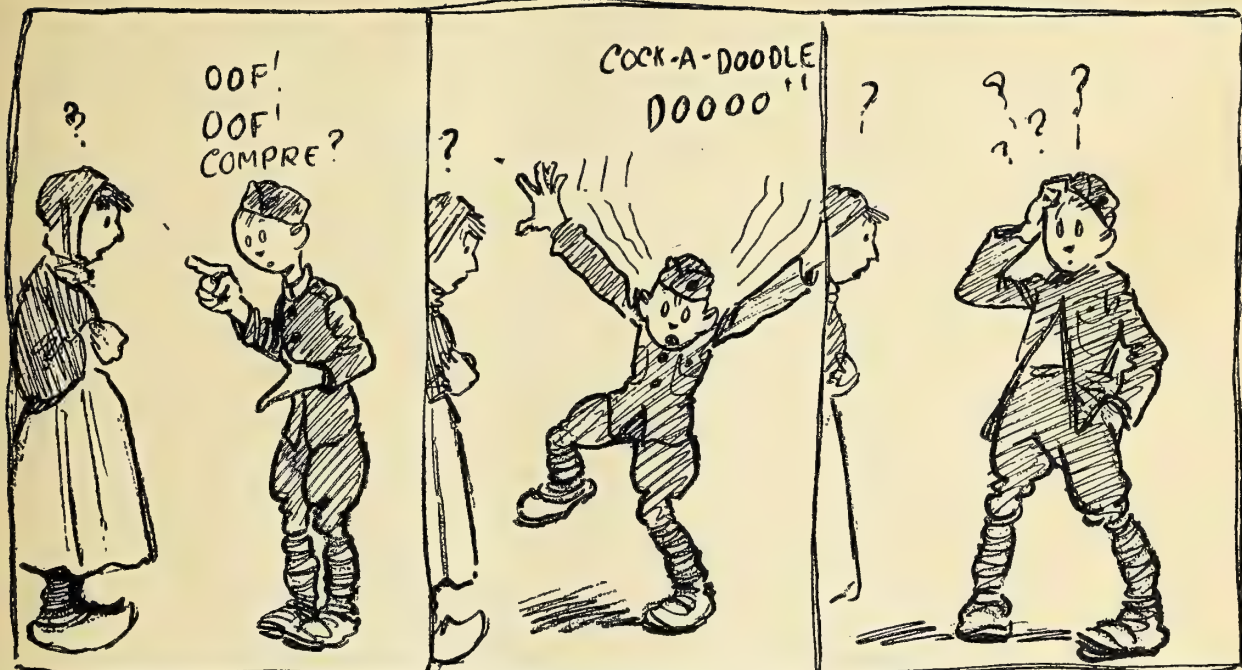


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SOME ⁶⁶WEAR⁹⁹ IN FRANCE

P. F. Crosby

8-26





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8-28

SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE,
OPENING ONE OF SIX LETTERS FROM THE DEAREST GIRL AND FINDING
HER PICTURE AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU - OH! - TIE MY HANDS -



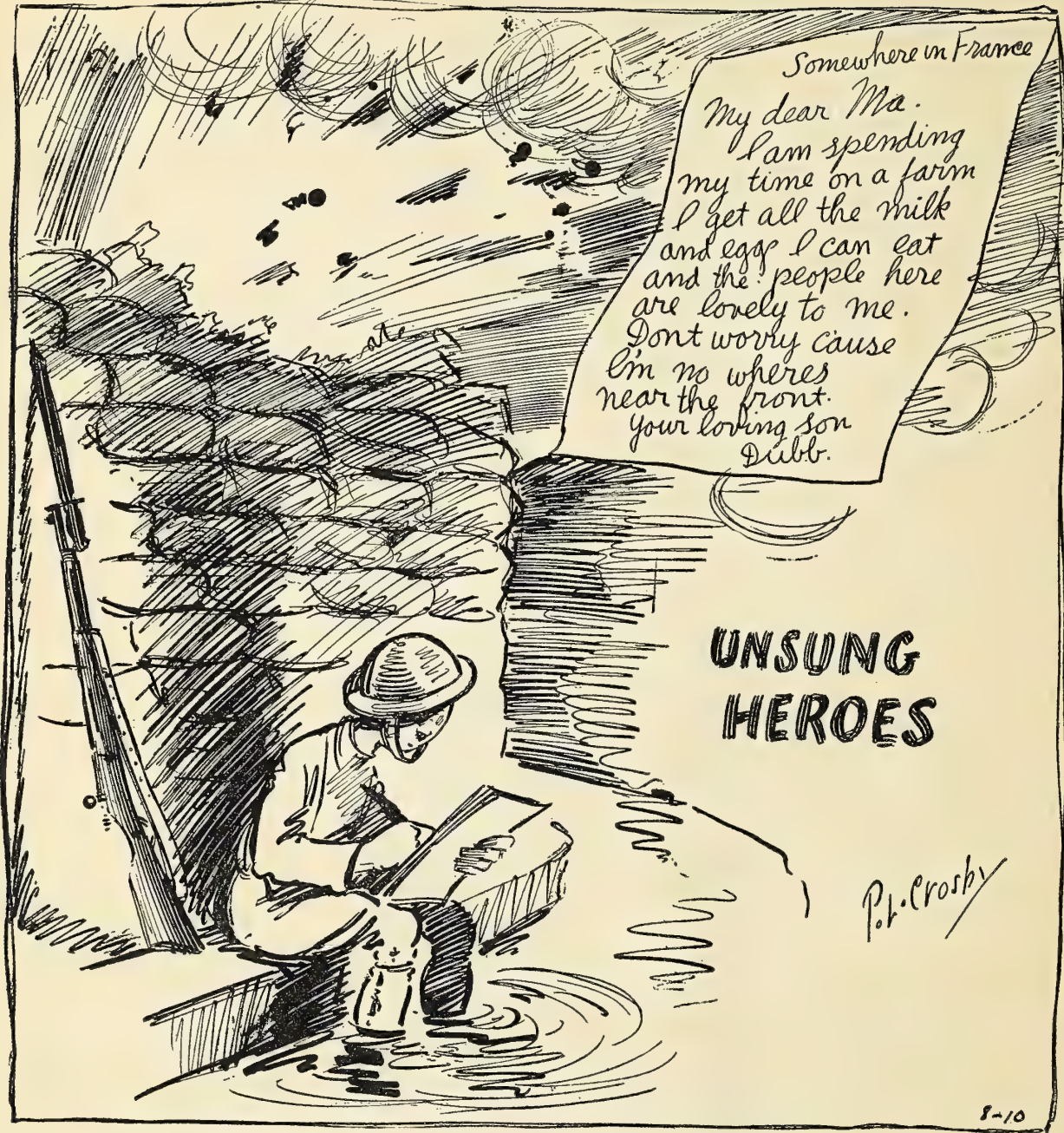
NEWS THAT THE AMERICANS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH ON
A WIDE FRONT HAS JUST REACHED THE 13TH SQUAD

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THAT FEELING WHEN A LIEUT. HAS MARCHED HIS
PLATOON TWO HOURS AND JUST REALIZES THAT HE
IS ON THE WRONG ROAD

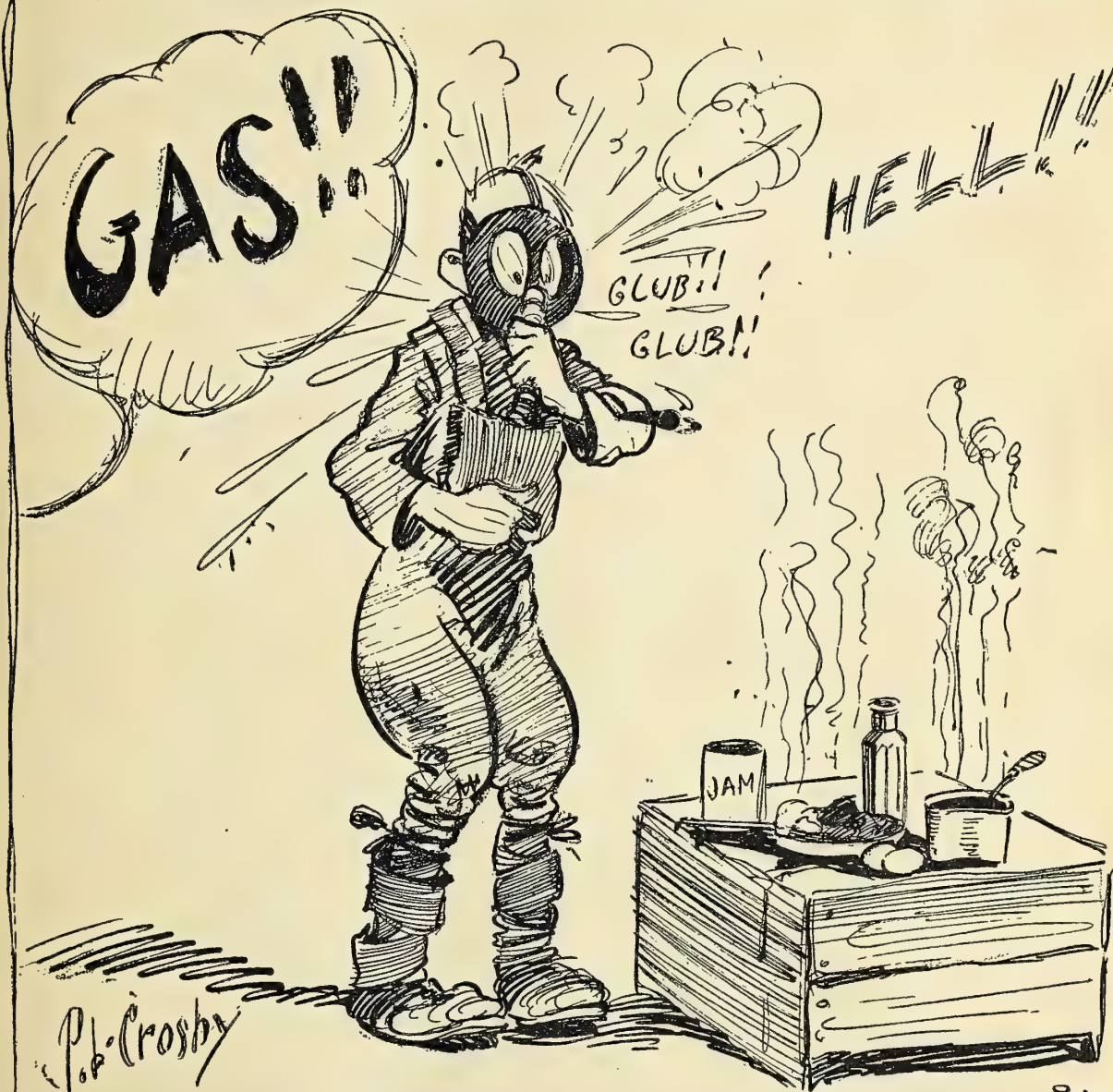


Somewhere in France
My dear Ma.
I am spending
my time on a farm
I get all the milk
and eggs I can eat
and the people here
are lovely to me.
Don't worry cause
I'm no wheres
near the front.
your loving son
Dubb.

UNSUNG HEROES

Pot. Crosby

PICTURES PATHE'S WEEKLY NEVER GOT





WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING FOR?



I'M LOOKING TO
SEE IF THERE'S
ANY COOTIES
ON MY SALARY.

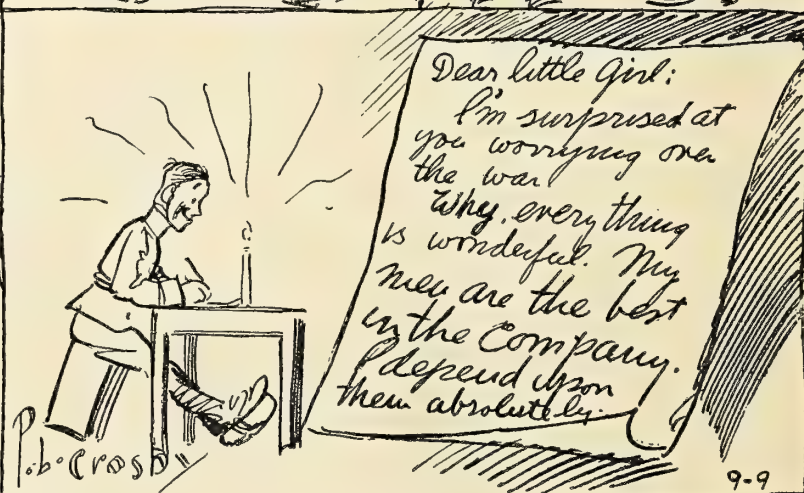
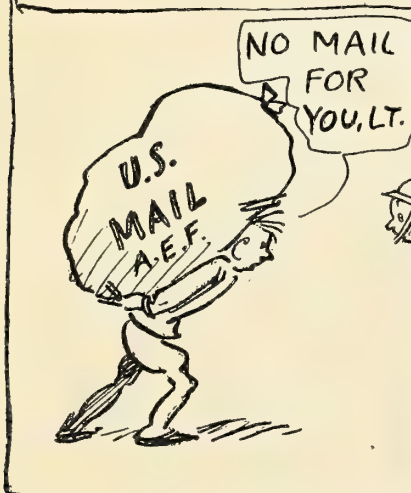
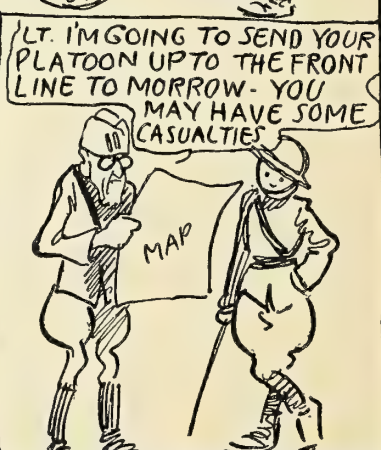


A COOTIE
COULDN'T
LIVE ON
YOUR SALARY



P. P. Prosser
New York







(c) Life Publishing Company

"I wouldn't want to go to America now 'cause I'd only have to come back. Would you?"



"Would I? I'd be satisfied if they'd only give me time enough to make a 'phone call."

THERE SEEMS TO
BE SOMETHING?-



WATCH
IT!!



P. Crosby
9-16

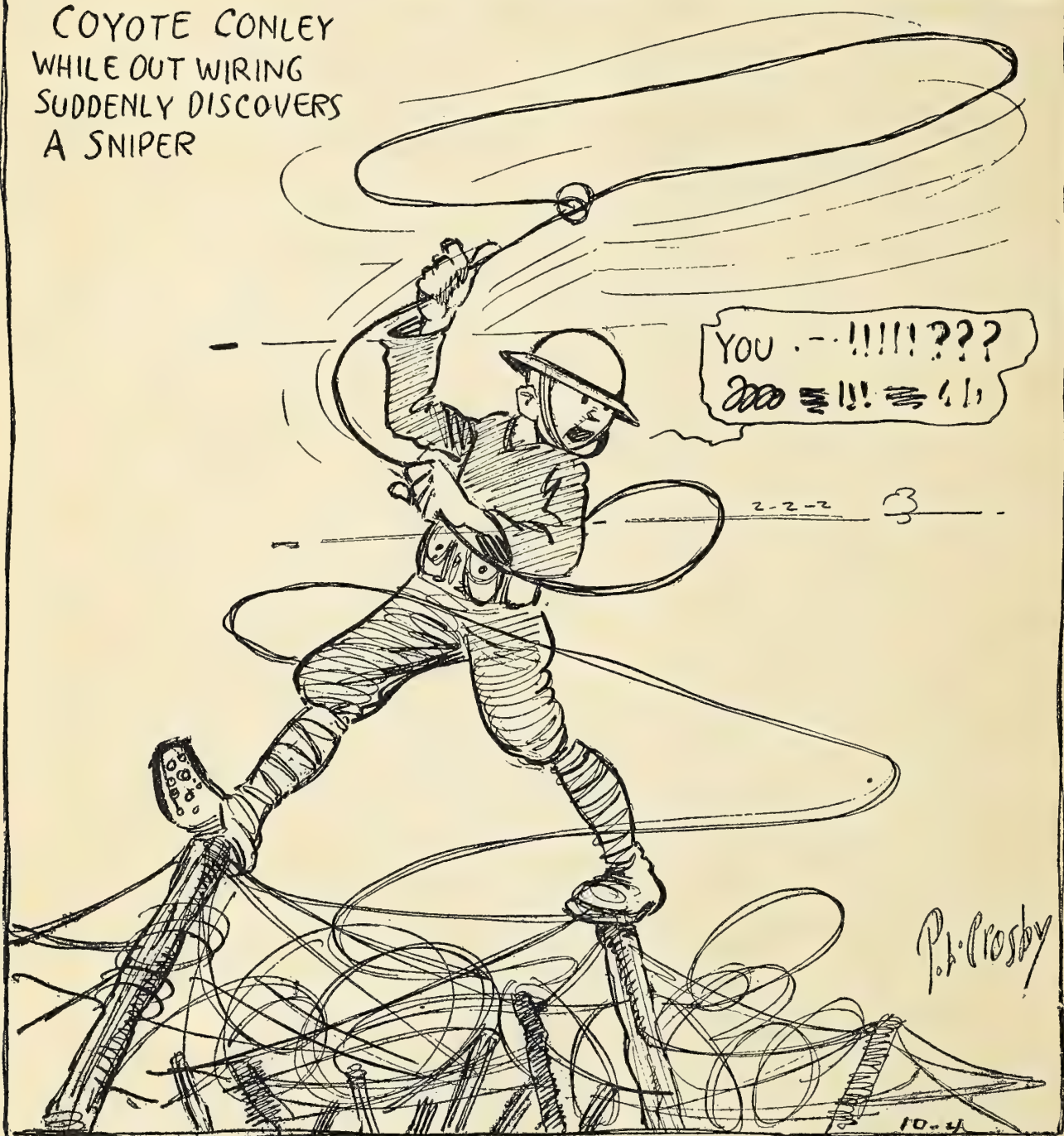
ARE THOSE
WOUNDS?

NO. YOU D— FOOL!
MUMPS.



P. J. Crosby
Lieut.
INF.

COYOTE CONLEY
WHILE OUT WIRING
SUDDENLY DISCOVERS
A SNIPER





YOU ARE UNDER DIRECT OBSERVATION OF THE BOCHE SNIPERS. YOU WANT TO GET A LINE ON A CERTAIN GUY WITH A MACHINE GUN SO-



YOU RAISE YOUR HEAD SLOWLY -VERY SLOWLY- AND TAKE A LONG LOOK- A BIRD FLITS PLAYFULLY FROM LIMB TO LIMB. YOU ARE ABOUT TO GET SENTIMENTAL



WHEN SUDDENLY-CLICK! CLIC! ICK! ICK! ICK! ICK! ICK! YOU GRASP THE EARTH AND FEVERISHLY PRESS IT TO YOUR BOSOM AND- **HOPE!!**



5 LONG WEARY MINUTES HAVE PASSED AND YOUR HUNGRY EYES SEARCH FOR A MOUNDING PLACE. EVEN AN ANT HILL MIGHT ANSWER



YOU SEE A SACRED SPOT WHEREIN YOU MIGHT SOOTHE YOUR TREMBLING SOUL. S-L-O-W-L-Y YOU SQUIRM- IN- ANOTHER MINUTE- YES- IN-



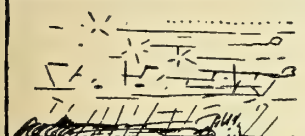
CLICK-ICK! ICK! ICK! ICK! ICK! THEN YOU KNOW THAT SOME BODY'S BEEN RINGING IN ON YOUR PRAYER. YOU THINK-VERY QUICKLY- WHILE THE THINKING IS GOOD



AGAIN EVERYTHING IS CALM. THIS TIME YOU DECIDE TO MAKE STRATEGIC WITHDRAWALS TO THE DEAREST LITTLE HOLE JUST IN THE REAR.



YOUR BODY FAIRLY OOZES IN THE NEW DIRECTION. YOU WONDER WHY YOU DIDN'T THINK OF THIS BEFORE



AGAIN- THAT CLIC-ICK! ICK! ICK! ICK! MEETS YOUR SENSITIVE EARS- WITH YOUR LAST FLICKER OF WIT- YOU DECIDE TO LAY DOWN- ALL WINTER IF NECESSARY.



THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS ODOR OF SNEEZING GAS PERMEATING THROUGH THE HAY- AND YOU ENDEAVOR TO STIFLE A SNEEZE- BUT



TRY AS YOU MIGHT, YOUR WHOLE FRAME SHAKES WITH THE EXPLOSION -



YOU RECKLESSLY FOLLOW WITH A FEW MORE, THEN -

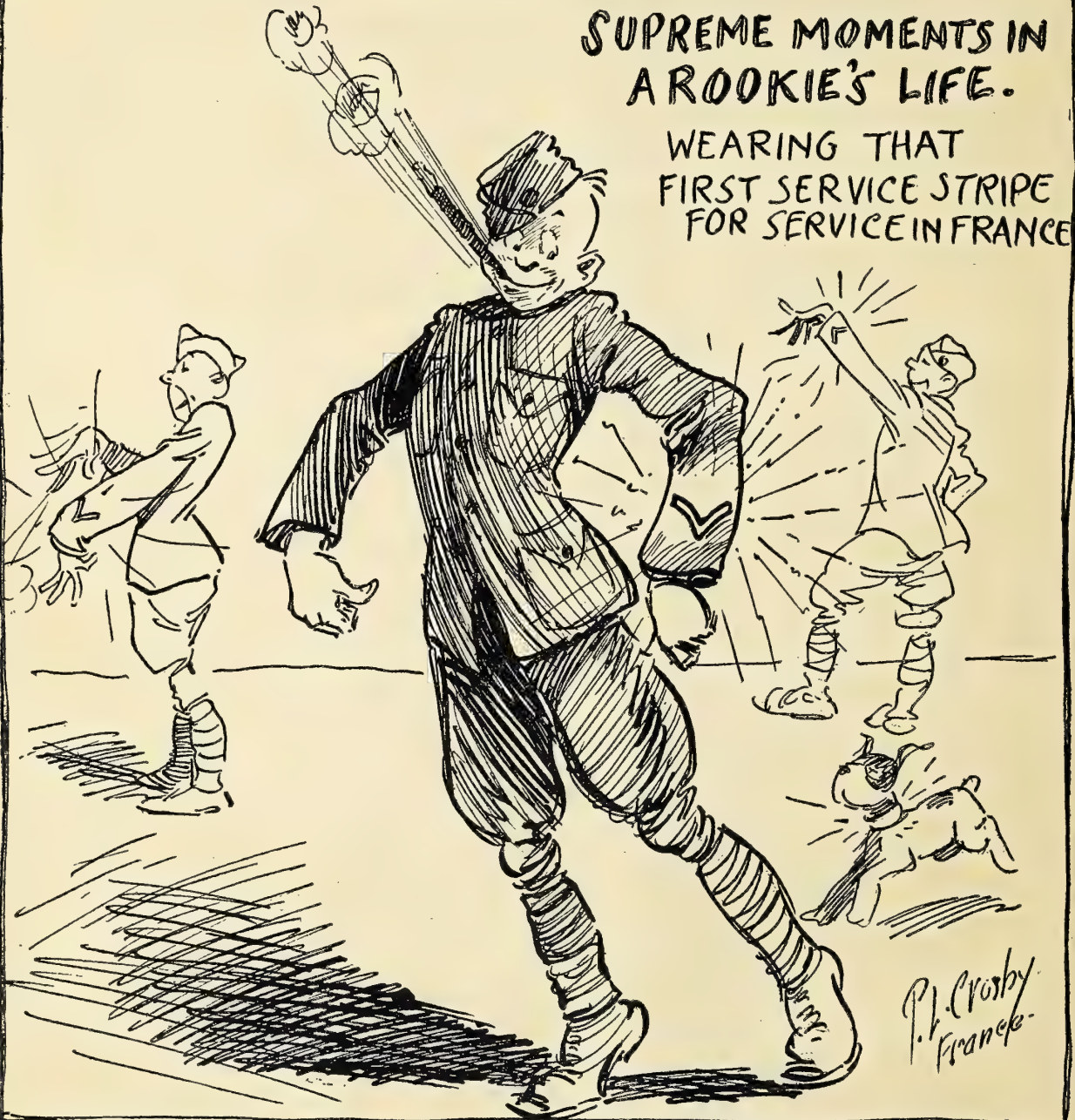
YOU DON'T GIVE A HANG, YOU'RE SO CRAZY MAD TO GET THAT GUY-



Heat P. Crosby

SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE.

WEARING THAT
FIRST SERVICE STRIPE
FOR SERVICE IN FRANCE



WHAT ARE
YOU DOING OUT
HERE, JOE?

OH. I JUST CAME
OUT FOR A BREATH
OF FRESH AIR



P. Crosby
France.
11-1



(c) Life Publishing Company

"Sarge, I feel ashamed 'cause I 'ain't had a letter yet. Will you read out my name and make believe I'm gettin' one?"

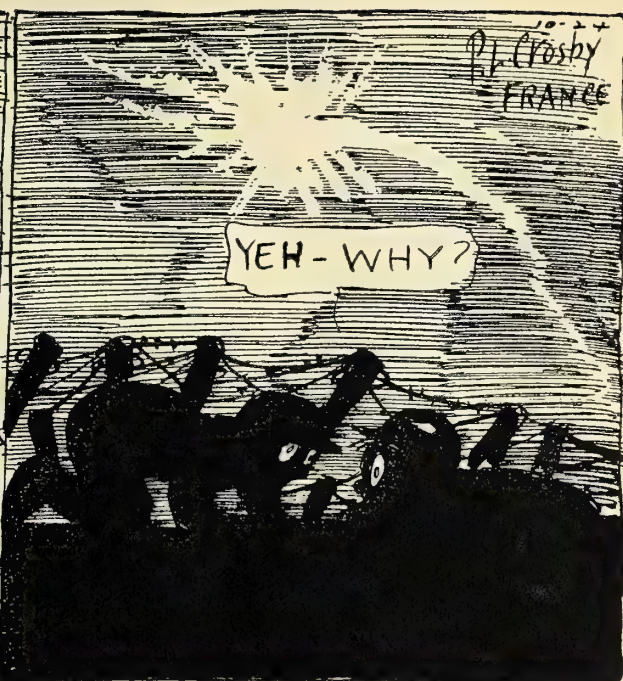
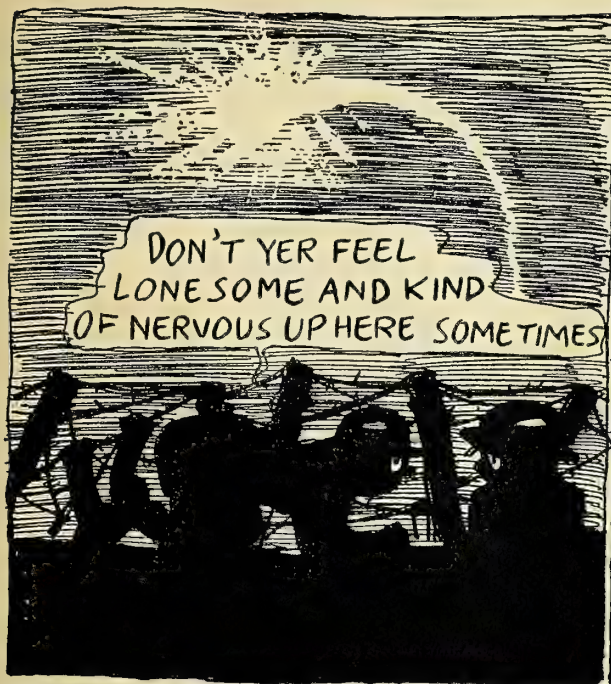
GEE, AINT THIS
TOUGH! AND ON
MY BIRTHDAY .TOO.



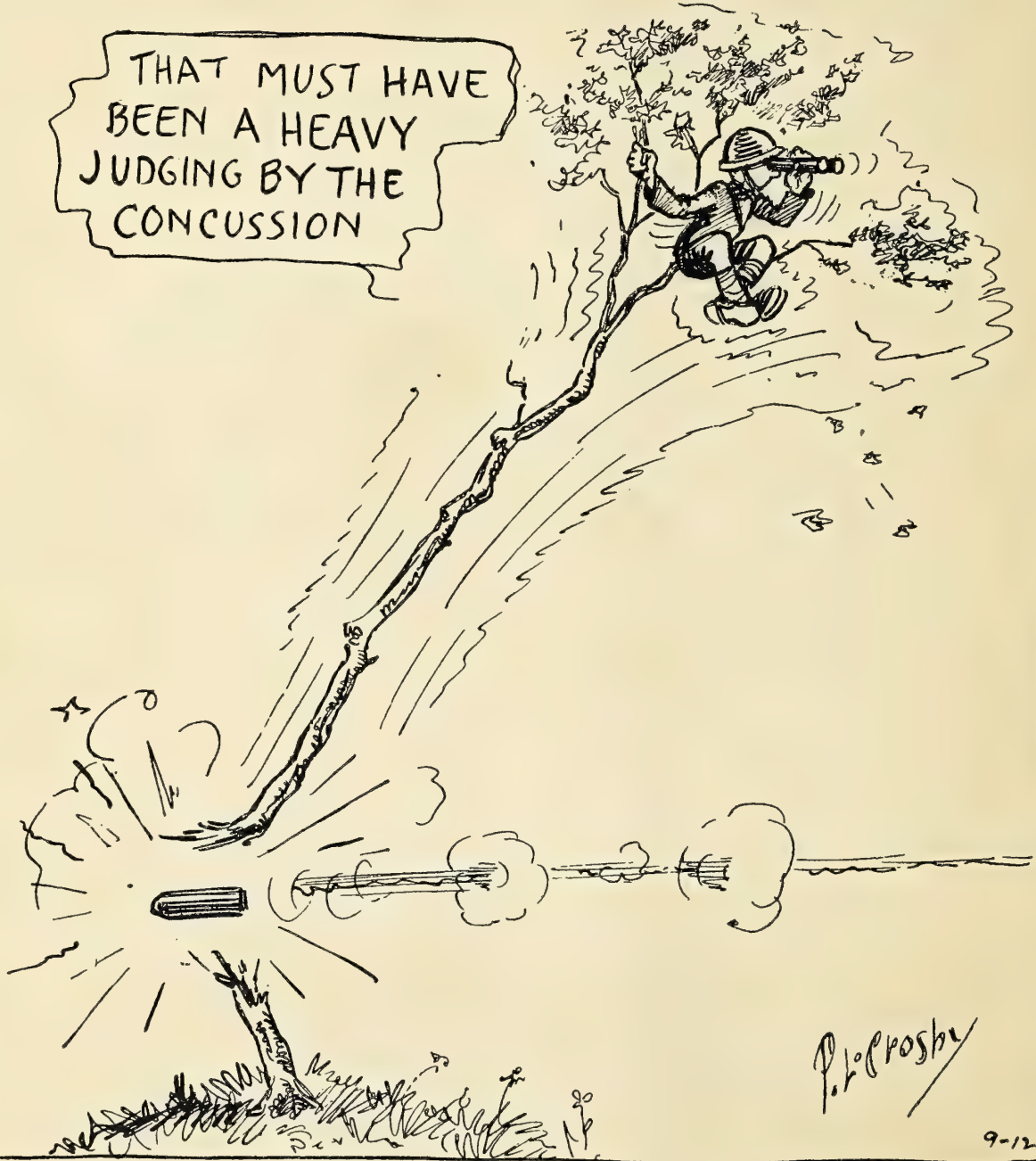
P. Crosby
FRANCE



PICTURES PATHE'S WEEKLY NEVER GOT



THAT MUST HAVE
BEEN A HEAVY
JUDGING BY THE
CONCUSSION



I'D TAKE OFF THAT
WRIST WATCH IF
I WERE YOU,
SERGEANT.



SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE.

GETTING ICE CREAM
FOR THE 1ST TIME IN
6 MONTHS

P. L. Crosby
France





"PUSSY FOOT" KELLY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE 1ST SPOT
LIGHT HIS WIRE WALKING ACT EVER GOT. 9-18

Leut. P. Crosby
U.S. Inf.



HOW YOU FELT WHEN YOU HEARD THAT
NOISE IN THE BUSH IN THE ENEMY'S LINE.



AND WHAT REALLY
CAUSED THE NOISE.



THE COMEDIAN-LATE OF THE GLEETONE COMEDIES
YEARNS FOR THE OLD EXCITEMENT OF THE FILMS.



GONE - BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



100. P. Crosby
U.S. Infantry
Krunco
10-17

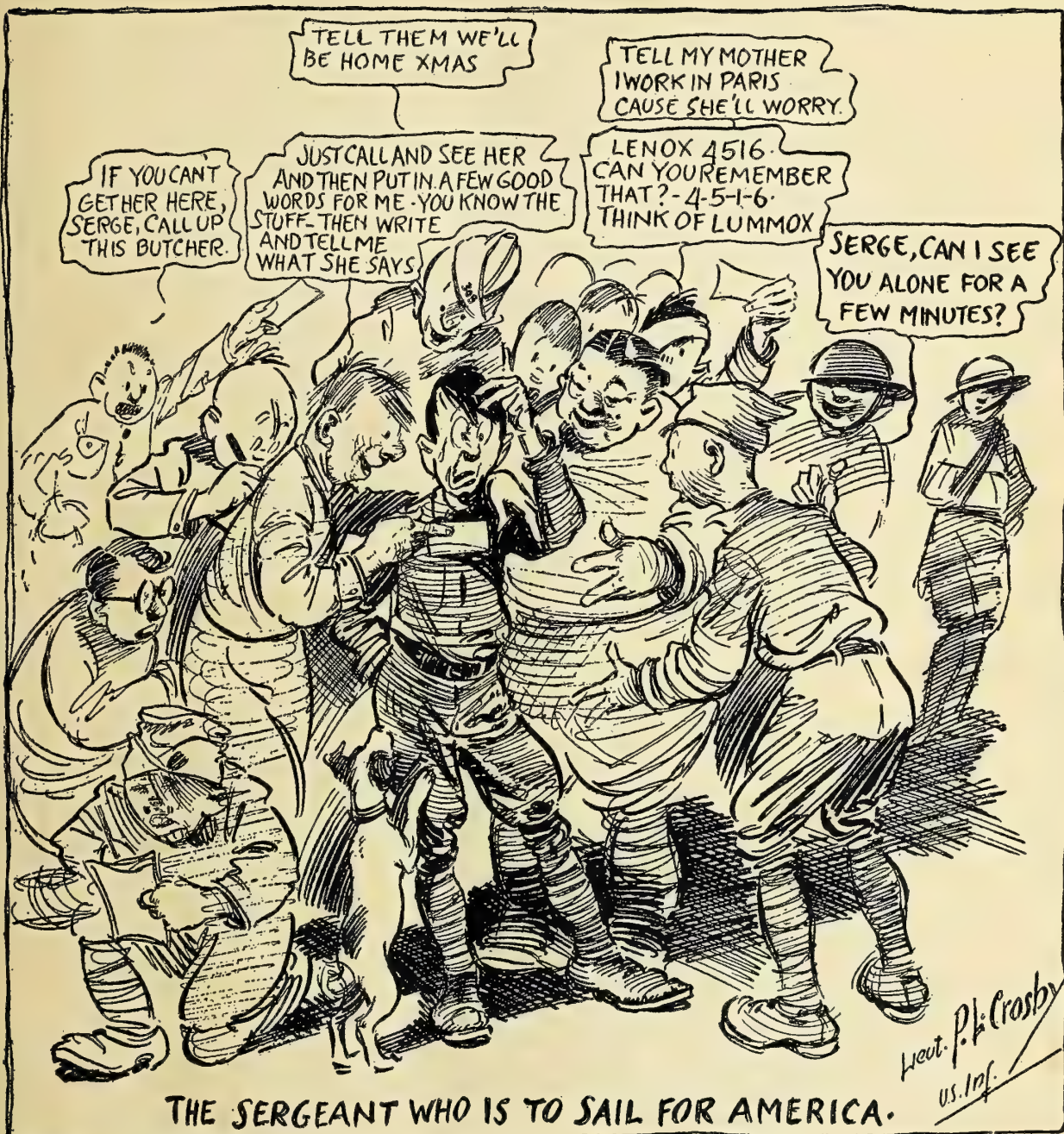


(c) Life Publishing Company

"What are we out here for, Sarge?" "Four-leafed clovers! The General's going to start an offensive to-morrow."

DELIVER US FROM EVER SPENDING 24
HOURS MORE IN AN ADVANCE POST WITH
A MAN WHO GIVES YOU HIS REASONS WHY
THE LAST 10 YRS. OF THE WAR
WILL BE THE HARDEST.





TELL THEM WE'LL
BE HOME XMAS

TELL MY MOTHER
I WORK IN PARIS
CAUSE SHE'LL WORRY.

IF YOU CAN'T
GET HER HERE,
SERGE, CALL UP
THIS BUTCHER.

JUST CALL AND SEE HER
AND THEN PUT IN A FEW GOOD
WORDS FOR ME - YOU KNOW THE
STUFF - THEN WRITE
AND TELL ME
WHAT SHE SAYS.

LENOX 4516.
CAN YOU REMEMBER
THAT? - 4-5-1-6.
THINK OF LUMMOX

SERGE, CAN I SEE
YOU ALONE FOR A
FEW MINUTES?

THE SERGEANT WHO IS TO SAIL FOR AMERICA.

Went. P. Crosby
US. Inf.

10-16
P. 17122

WHY DON'T YER
WHISTLE OR
SOMETHIN' -
MAYBE FRITZ DON'T
SEE US?

P.L.CROSBY



(c) Life Publishing Company

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN IN THE ARMY

"What! Only a Military Cross for pulling off a stunt like that? Mickey O'Toole got the D. S. C. for the same trick!"

New York City

My dear John.

Received your letters asking me why I haven't written. To tell you the truth I have been on the go continually, but took the first opportunity to answer your letters.

You asked me if I had forgotten you. Silly! Of course I haven't. I don't hear from you and when you come back you'll find that I am still your pal.

In the future I'll try and be more prompt in answering your letters

with lots of love

Dora.

P. J. Crosby
France

NEW YORK
MISSIE C. Smith.
P. J. Crosby
MISSIE C. Smith.
A. E. France

THE MAIL THAT CAME TOO LATE



(c) Life Publishing Company

HOW THE SERGEANT FELT ON HIS LAST DAY AT THE
FRONT BEFORE SAILING FOR AMERICA

WHAT DID YOU
DO BEFORE THE
WAR, EDDIE?

I WROTE THOSE ARTICLES
IN THEATRE PROGRAMS -
'WHAT THE WELL
DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR'



P.H. Crosby
France 10-19



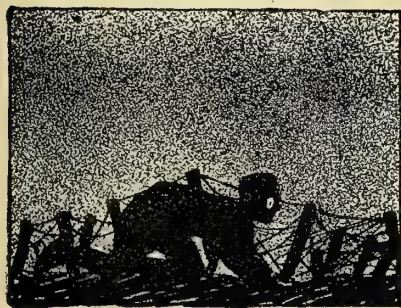
1. I stood ready to go out on a patrol. All I was waiting for was darkness—and wishing it were over.



2. I made my way out of the wire. The night was still. Fearfully so.



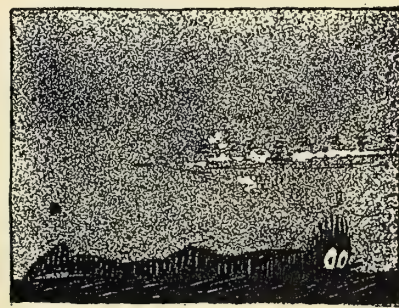
3. Out of the wire I felt and felt for that path that looked so plain on the map.



4. I located my patrol by a soft whistle. They answered me in loud and distinct catcalls.



5. Suddenly I dropped, as the enemy sent up a flare, and I felt the ground fairly rumble with my heart throbs.

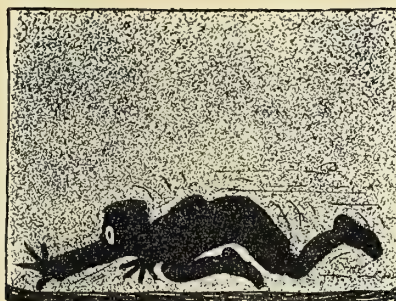


6. When all of a sudden—ZI-ING! A bullet split the stillness of the night. I clinched my teeth to save my heart from bouncing on the landscape.



7. Outside the enemy wire in the wet ground, I wondered if my girl was thinking of me. I recalled the times I spent with her in a warm theater, and how she used to titter at my little witticisms.

(c) Life Pub. Co.

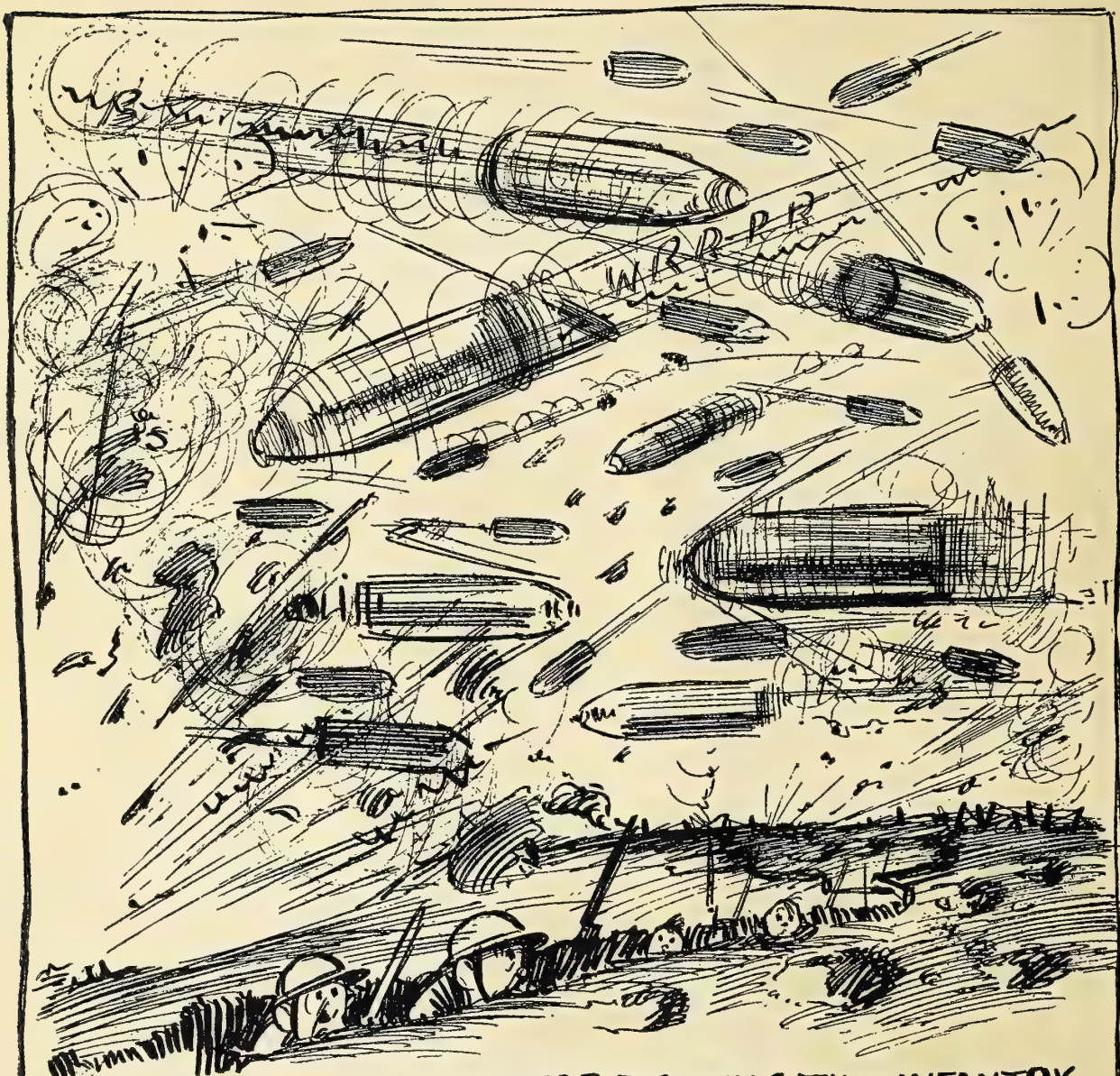


8. I unconsciously touched their wire, which responded with an uncanny Bong! I pussyfooted back, expecting to be overtaken by the sput-sput of a machine gun.



9. At last I reached the opening in the wire, just as dawn was breaking. Happy? Oh, boy!

AS HE TOLD IT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME



AFTER A MONTH OF SEVERE FIGHTING THE INFANTRY
HAS SETTLED DOWN TO A PERIOD OF INACTIVITY.

P. Crosby
France



BLESSED IF I
KNOW WHAT TO
WRITE ABOUT.

SPUT!

SPUT!

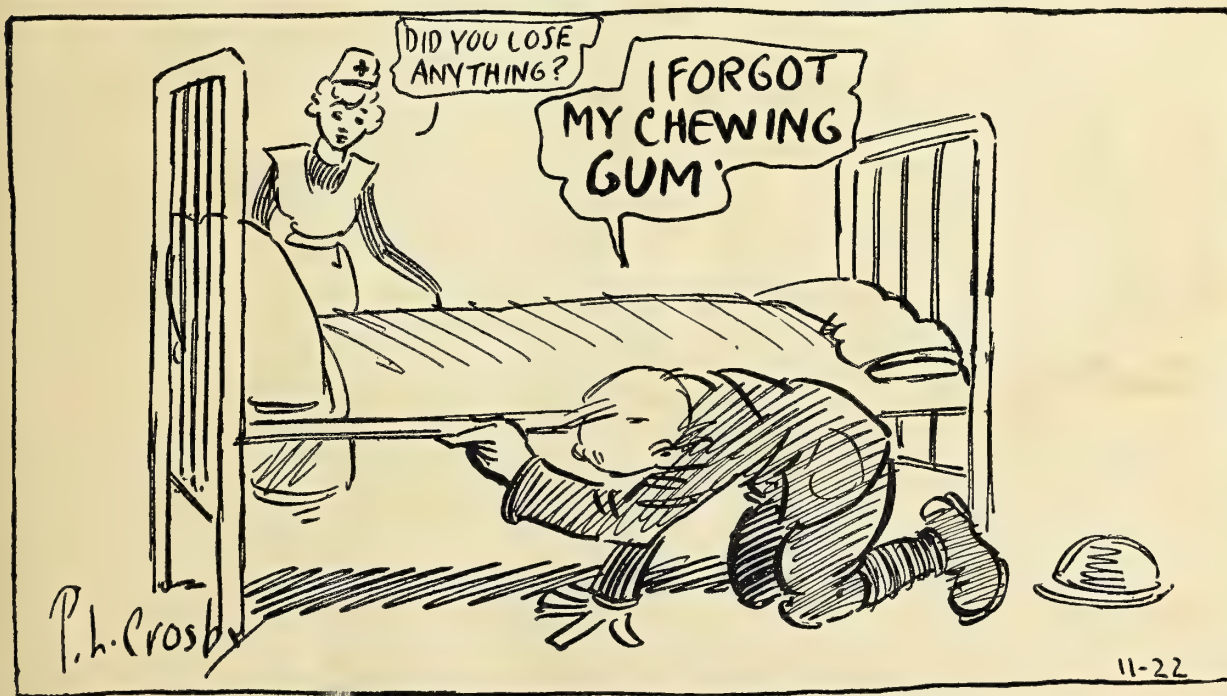
SPUT!

my
dear
Gertie

P. Crosby
France

9-25







WHAT ARE YOU
CRYING FOR MRS.
LADY?



MY HUSBAND EEZ A BRUTE HE
WILL NOT TAKE ME ON MY
HONEY MOON.
I WANT TO GO
ON MY
HONEYMOON.

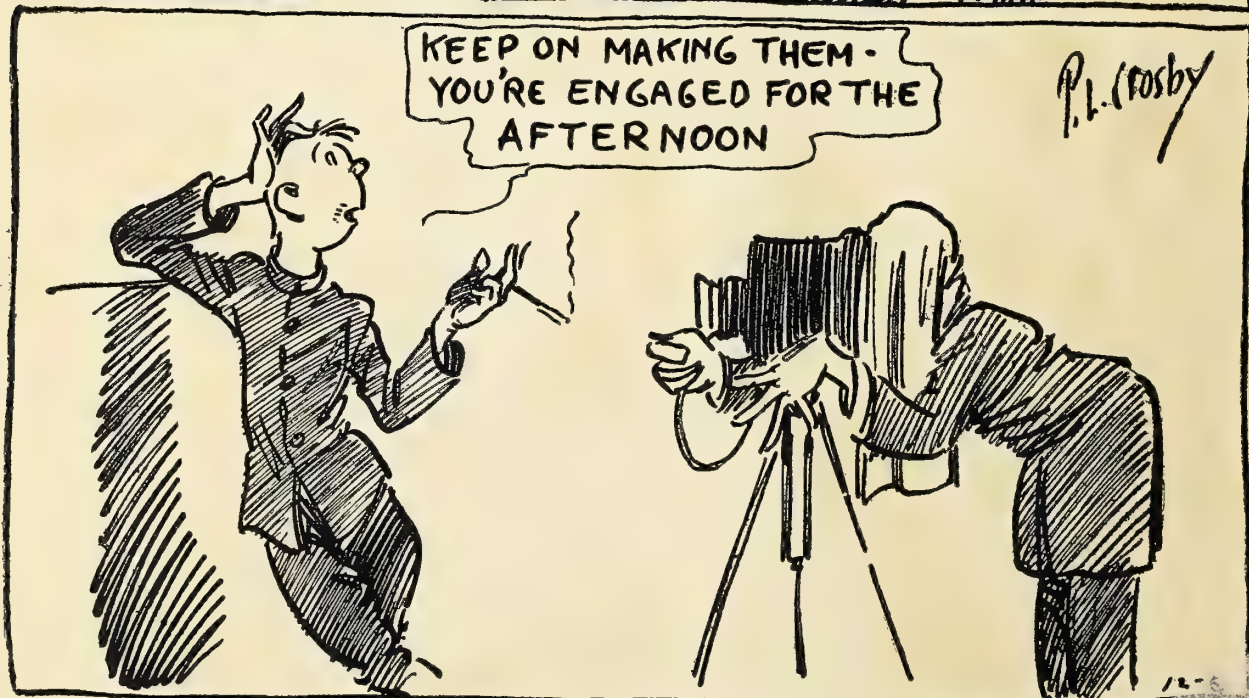


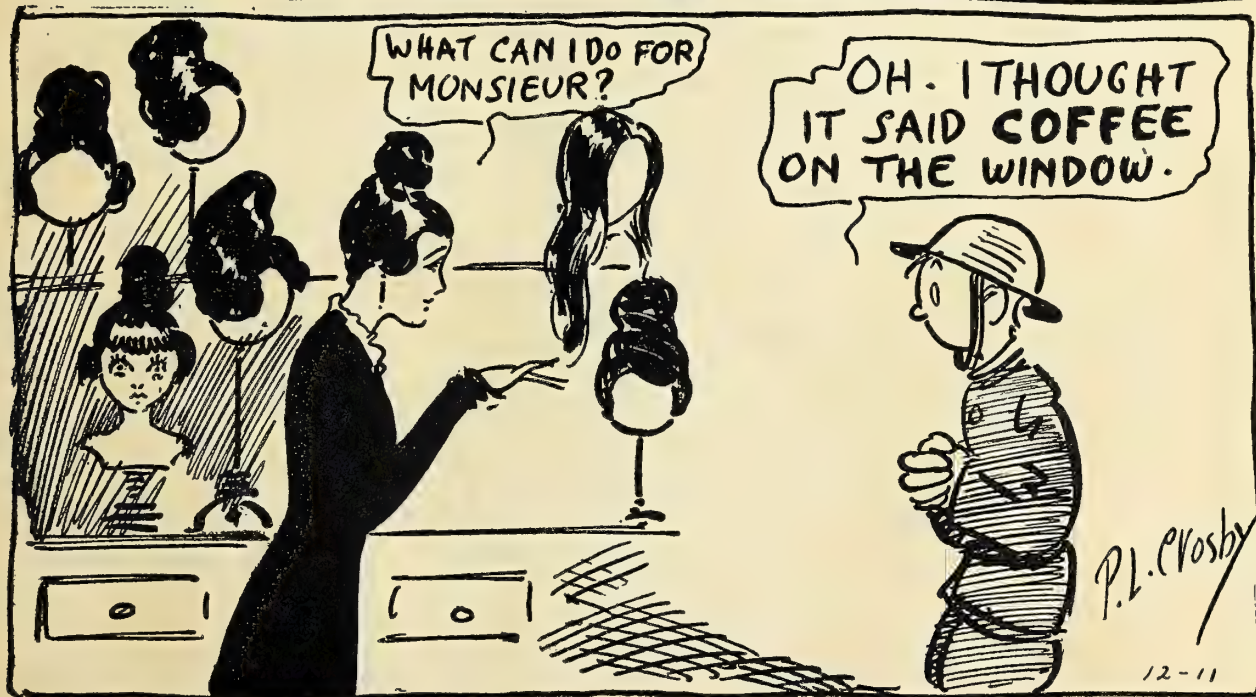
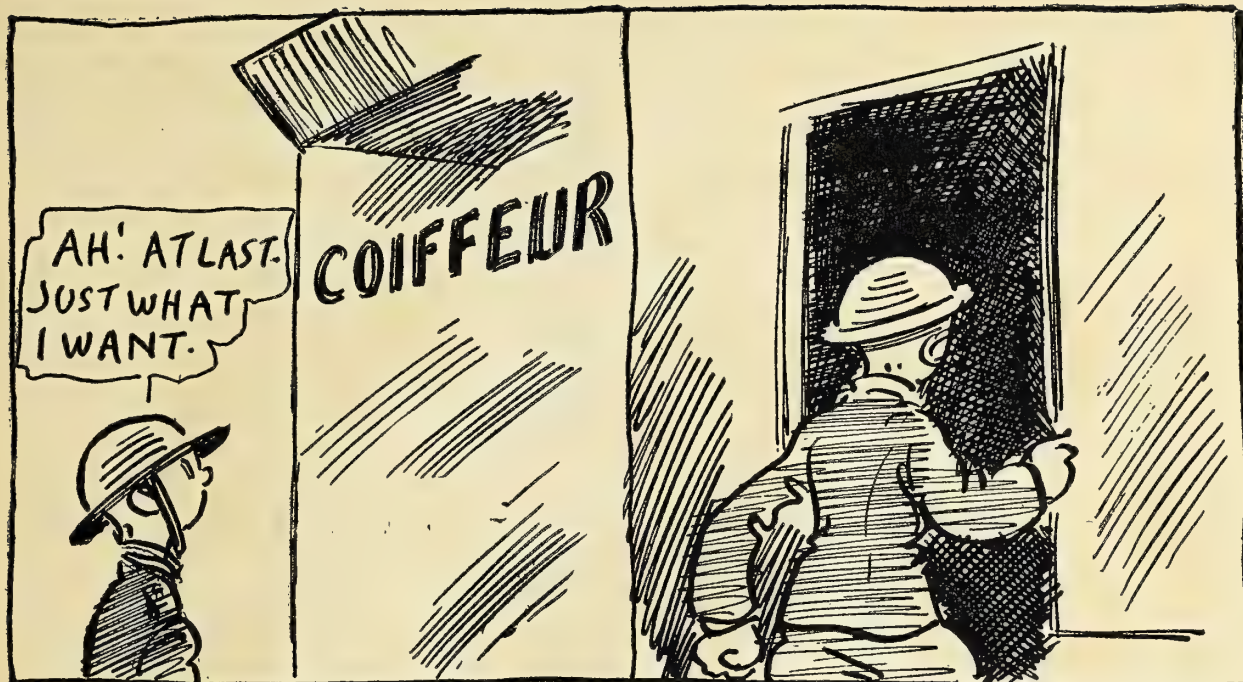
NEVER YOU MIND.
I'LL TAKE YOU.
I HAVEN'T ANY
THING ELSE
TO DO.



lieut. P. J. Cross

12-24



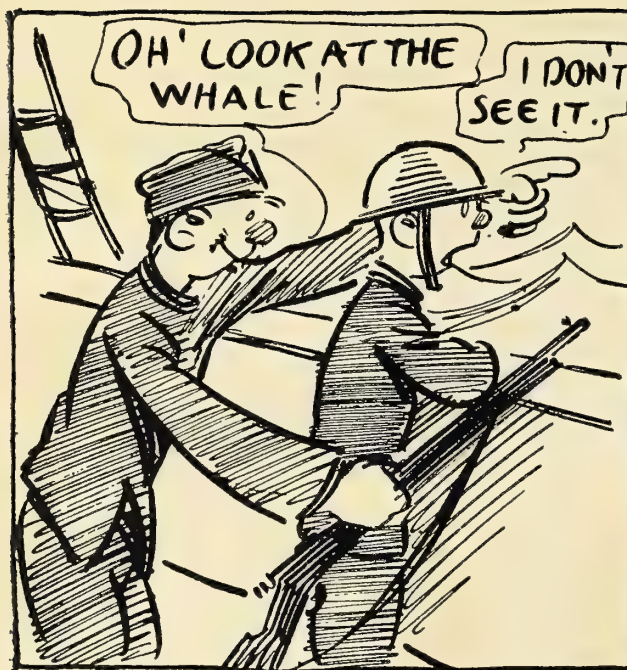






SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIES LIFE.
GOING HOME WITH ALL LIGHTS ON - DANCING ON BOARD
AND NO SUBMARINES TO LOOK OUT FOR. 1-6.

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DON'T YER THINK
SHE'S A PEACH?
THAT'S MY GIRL

LITTLE
HEAVY FOR
YOU, BUDDY,
BUT I GUESS
THAT'S A
MATTER OF TASTE



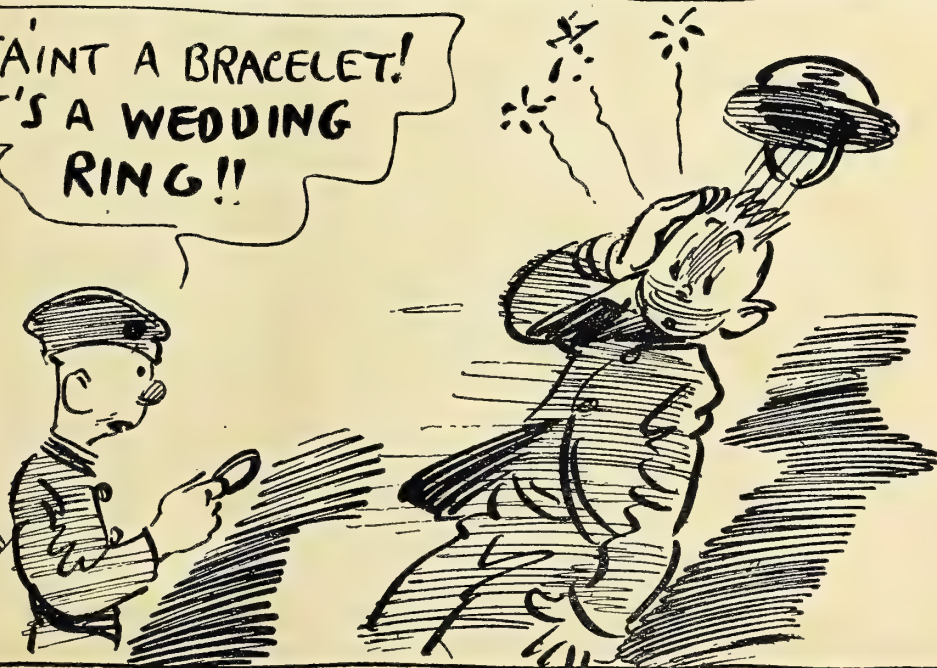
I'M BRINGING THIS
HOME TO HER AS
A PRESENT.

IT'S A
PRETTY
BRACELET



'TAINT A BRACELET!
IT'S A WEDDING
RING!!

P. H. Crockett



THERE'S GAMBLING
ON BOARD, SIR.

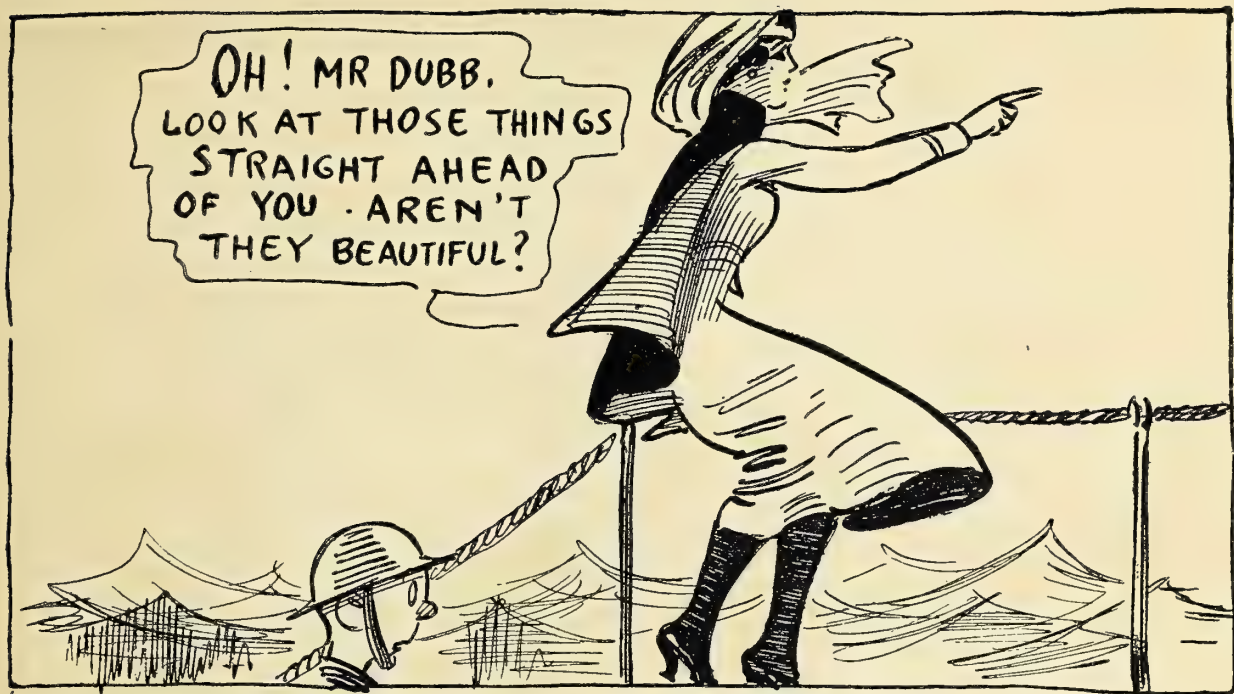
HOW DO YOU
KNOW?



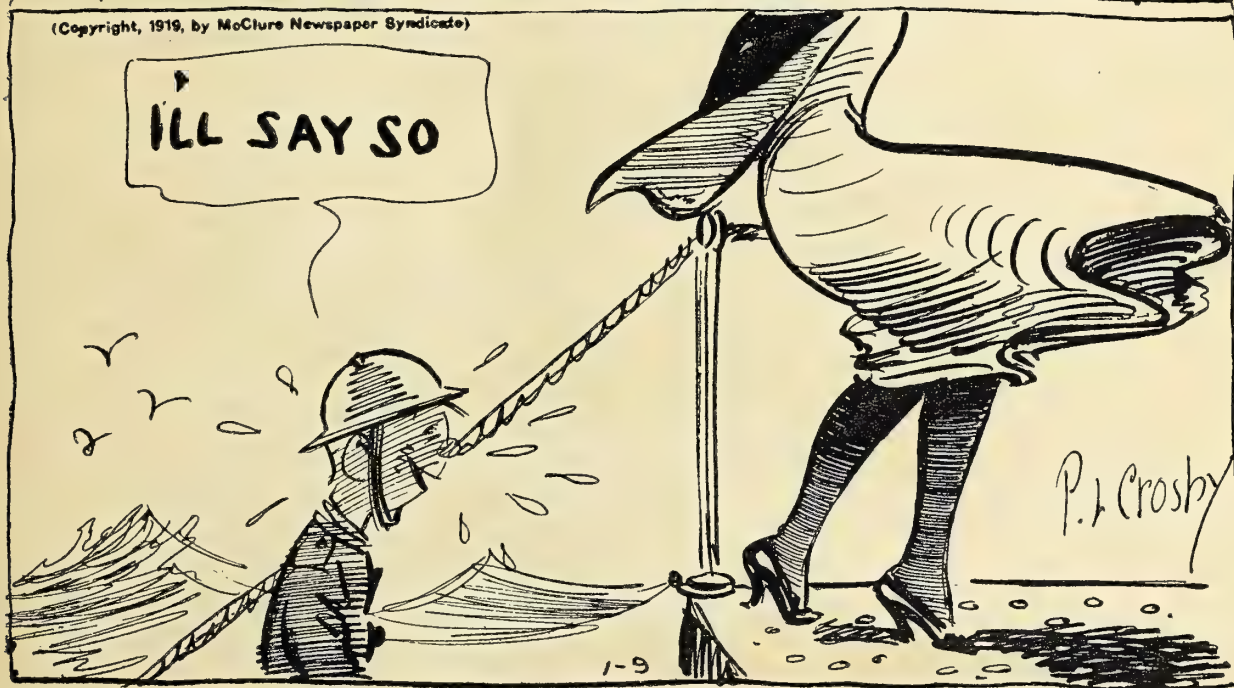
I JUST LOST
\$ 500



P. H. Crosby



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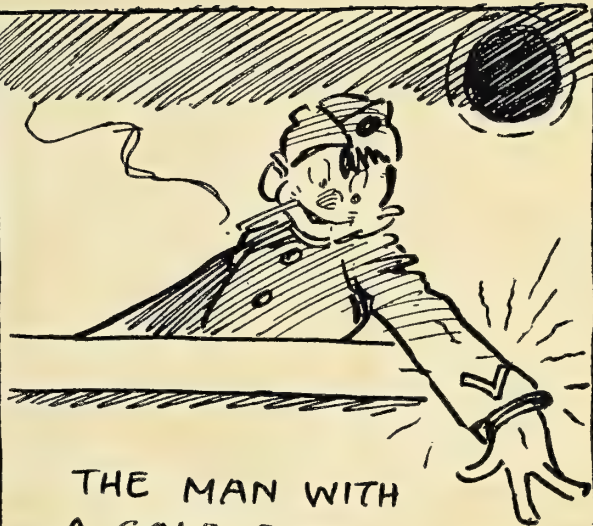


Bringing up Rations

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THE MAN WHO IS RETURNING
HOME WITH ONLY A BLUE
CHEVRON



THE MAN WITH
A GOLD ONE



AND THE MAN
WHO HAS THREE
AND TWO
WOUND STRIPES

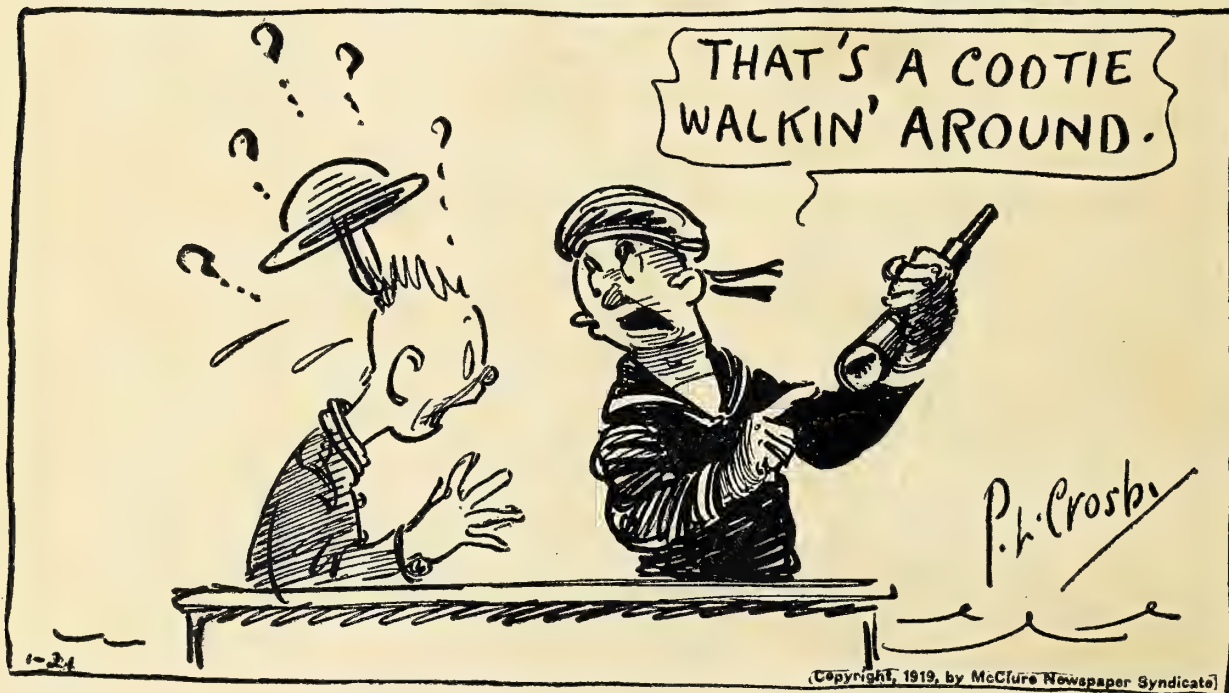
P. L. Crosby

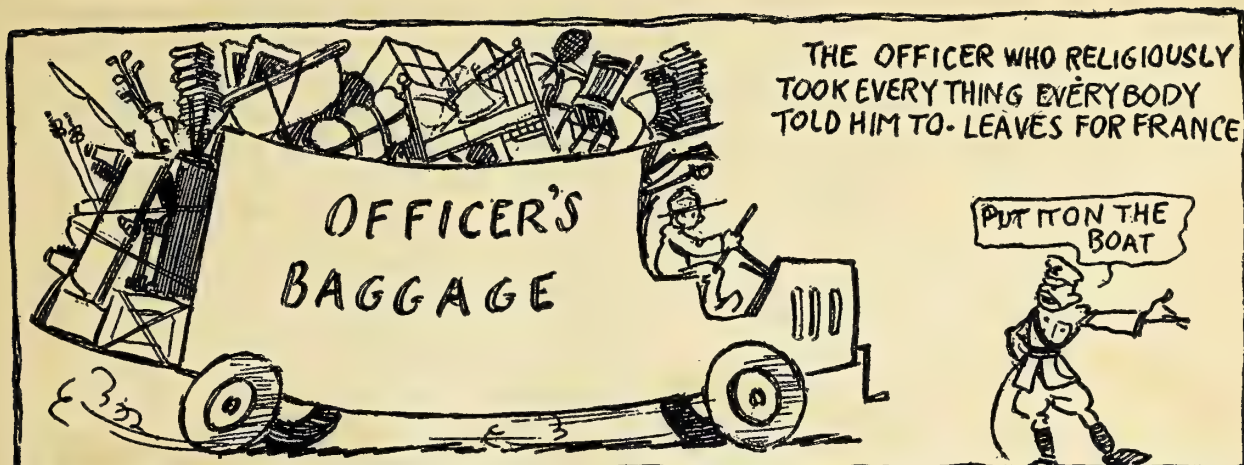


SUPREME MOMENTS IN A ROOKIE'S LIFE

GOING INTO A
POKER GAME WITH
50¢ AND COMING
OUT WITH \$50.00

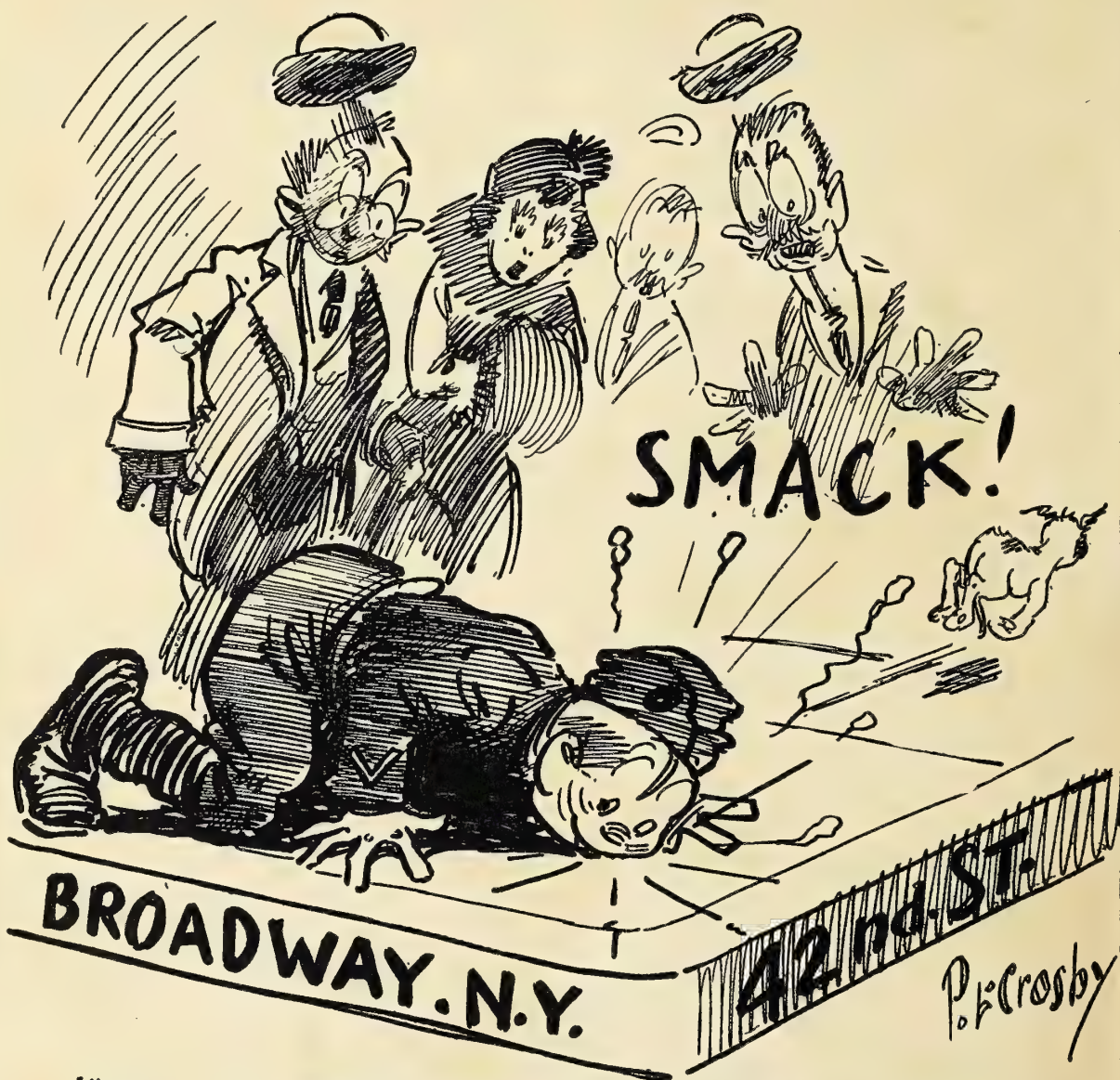






P. Crosby





HOW YOU FELT WHEN YOU HIT THE DEAR
OLD TRYSTING PLACE AFTER COMING FROM FRANCE.

WHAT YOU FELT LIKE DOING WHEN YOU SAW THE 1ST
AMERICAN GIRL AFTER GETTING OFF THE BOAT.

OH, LADY!! BEE-OOT-IFUL
LADY!!!! I LOVE YOU! - WORSHIP YOU!
ADORE YOU! OH! PLEASE SAY
YOU'LL BE MINE? MM-M-
DEAR, DEAR-GIRLIE.





"Now if you can put just a little more animation in that pose, Lieutenant, we can have an excellent picture."



"Lieutenant, I see you've been over in France. You're a lucky man to come out of it. Especially an infantryman."



"For the life of me I don't see how you fellows had the nerve to face those guns."



"So you belong to the 305th Infantry. The papers have been filled with accounts of what that regiment did at the front. You must feel proud to be an officer of that outfit."



"I was told by good authority that all the Lieutenants were picked men because success depended upon the Lieutenant."



"That will be all to-day, Lieutenant. FIFTY DOLLARS, PLEASE!"

HIS ANSWER WAS IN THE NEGATIVE



THE WAY IT SEEMED WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR PARTY WHEN
YOU WANTED TO TELL THEM YOU JUST RETURNED FROM FRANCE

I'LL BET THEY'RE OUT.

MAYBE THE PHONE'S
BEEN TAKEN OUT.

WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER?

THIS IS TERRIBLE

DIDN'T YOU GET THEM?

SHE MUST BE A NEW
OPERATOR.

WILL YOU
TRY THEM
AGAIN?

OOOH!!!



P. J. Crosby



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